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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

For the first time during the war we have had within a day or two of the occurrences full and honest accounts of the fighting in the Far East; and though the personality of other correspondents has been more widely bruited, the "Times" correspondent in his account of the battle of Liau-yang has supplied one of the most vivid descriptions of fighting under modern conditions that we remember. It had the advantage of other accounts in being free from amateur criticism, but went to show, as indeed was the confessed opinion of the writer, that the tactics of the Japanese army were bad enough to have been fatal with less courageous troops. General Kuroki's return of his own share of the fighting further illustrates this conclusion. While every message from the front announced his successes in getting across the line of Russian retreat he was himself in imminent danger. His communications were cut, his troops without food or water, and only the intensity of the attack on the south-west saved him from something like disaster. It is not a little remarkable how great an effect on the general opinion of Russian capacity has been produced by the accounts of this battle. The lopsided prejudice of the former view has given way to the belief that the one great general is Kuropatkin.

The effect of the battle was such as to make any immediate or vigorous pursuit by the Japanese army impossible, if it had been wise. Since Kuropatkin reached Mukden there has been no fighting; and there may be a prolonged period during which both armies prepare for the next stage. It is almost certain that Mukden will be entirely evacuated and that General Kuropatkin will make his next stand at Tieling, the strongest natural position on the road to Harbin, the defences of which are being continually strengthened. General Kuroki with the bulk of his army has not yet advanced much north of the Yentai mines. We have some indications that the Japanese at Port Arthur have been considerably reinforced and many reports have been published of the deficiency of food and ammunition in the town. But remembering Plevna we may doubt if the capture is imminent and

possibly further advance north will be postponed till the town and harbour are won.

The official declaration that the Baltic fleet has left for the East does not carry conviction when the time of year, the difficulties of the undertaking and value of the units composing the force are taken into account. The "Tageblatt" is probably well informed in reporting that the fleet has arrived at Revel and will remain there an indefinite period. The "Navarin" and "Sissoi Veliky", second-class battleships, useful enough in reserve, are out of place in an up-to-date fleet, whilst the "Ossliabya" has the defects of the "Peresviet" and is really an armoured cruiser. Russia had better wait and push on the "Orel" and "Slava", for these with the "Knivaz Suvarov", "Alexander III." and "Borodino" form a homogeneous fleet which could contest Japanese naval supremacy. Port Arthur cannot be relieved without first meeting and beating the enemy, and the squadron there is no longer in a position to render any assistance. Further, a relieving force must have a safe base to retire on, but Vladivostok will soon be ice-bound, and ice-breakers cannot make it suitable for active operations. Starting in so late a season a fleet of overwhelming strength is required to relieve Port Arthur and no fear of loss of prestige should allow Russia to set military considerations at naught. Suppose Port Arthur to fall, it must pass again to Russia if she can ultimately obtain command of the sea. The departure of the Baltic fleet is but a threat to induce the Japanese further to waste their strength in attempts to reduce Port Arthur by assault.

The persistent belief that intervention will be welcomed by Russia has been enforced by a curious argument, which appeared in the leading article of an evening paper on Tuesday and of the "Times" on Wednesday. It has also been taken up abroad. The suggestion is that in their last dash the Port Arthur fleet were making for the German harbour of Kiaochau upon orders issued after an agreement between the two Governments; and the intensity of the desire to see this object fulfilled has brought about Prince Ukhtomsky's disgrace. The control of these ships by the Germans would have acted, it is urged, as an excuse for intervention welcomed by Russia and at the same time would provide Germany with a means of keeping the balance of naval power in Far Eastern waters. The ingenuity of the idea is greater than its reasonableness. If any one thinks that Russia could at this moment face the possibility of making peace he must presume an extraordinary alteration in the spirit that has made the Russian Empire.

Strategically the suggestion is directly contradicted by all the evidence we have. At 9 A.M. on the morning of 10 August Admiral Vitoft hoisted the signal to proceed for Vladivostok. If it is argued that this signal was made for the sake of appearances and covered secret instructions previously delivered to the respective commanders, what are we to think of their subsequent action? Prince Ukhtomsky returned to Port Arthur when it was just as simple and far easier for him to make Tsin Tau. The "Askold" and "Diana" passed Kiao Chau without any attempt to enter the bay. The "Novik" only stopped there a few hours to coal and the "Tsarevitch" very hard hit was the only ship of any account that sought refuge in the German port, her commanding officer reporting at the time that he was too crippled to think of steaming for Vladivostok as originally intended. Really the "Times" seems to have Germany on the brain just at present.

The decision of the Prize Court on the British steamer "Calchas" at least makes clear the Russian view of contraband, though it may not simplify the negotiations on the subject between the two Governments. The vessel has been released from Vladivostok with all the neutral cargo, but the flour, cotton and hewn beams intended for Japan are confiscated. As cotton is a valuable constituent in the making of explosives the decision of the prize court is wholly natural and it could scarcely be expected to make inquiry as to the exact use for which it was desired in Japan. The decision on the question of food is of course of great political importance. Mr. Balfour twice and Lord Lansdowne once have made express avowals that the Government cannot recognise the treatment of food as contraband, unless it is delivered for the maintenance of troops. In the Government's view it is conditional, not absolute contraband; and if this view has been officially presented to the Russian Government and if it can be proved that the flour was not destined for the army the verdict of the court sets up a serious collision of opinion. Unhappily it is being exploited by a portion of the press from the same sort of unreasoning hostility that gives credence in the German-Russian plot. Similarly it would have been wiser of the Russian press to restrain its indignation at the "supplementary regulations for neutrality issued by the British Government" until it was sure that such a memorandum had been handed to the Russian Ambassador.

A telegram from the King, congratulating Colonel Younghusband on the success of the Mission and the signing of the treaty, marks the conclusion of his work. It is true that the Amban has not yet got leave from Peking to sign the treaty, but as one of the chief results of our policy is to increase Chinese authority in Tibet leave is not likely to be withheld. The difficulties of the Anabasis which should begin this month are not likely to be great, and though the Dalai Lama on his return decides to tear up the treaty Colonel Younghusband at any rate has every reason to rejoice in his work. He has been conciliatory and firm. The Dalai Lama has at least been cured of the bad habit of not answering letters, and the flight of Dorjeieff is a symbol of the dissipation of one sort of intrigue.

Some people, it is to be feared, will suffer on the Dalai Lama's return and recalcitrance may be preached; but the knowledge that the distant British having once entered Tibet are able to enter it again will in important details make Tibetans adopt to the British Government something of that respectful attitude which long ago they were compelled to show towards Nepal. It may however be wiser to take steps which shall act as a continual reminder to the Lama and at the same time make easier the journey to Lhasa. Soon after the signing of the treaty an interchange of courtesies was made by a release of prisoners. Colonel Younghusband dismissed each of our prisoners with a present of five rupees, for which they seem to have expressed their gratitude by the un-Western method of thrusting out the tongue; and the Tibetans released all those who had been thrown into prison for having dealings with us. One old man who had gone blind in captivity

was still under punishment for assistance given to Sarat Chandra Das.

It is not one of the worst signs of the future of South Africa that Holland has decided to settle its Consulate-General at Johannesburg in preference to Pretoria. The selection of residence is not of great importance in itself, but it seems to be accepted by the Bond as a rebuff, and is unquestionably a valuable acknowledgment that Holland rather desires to have influence at the commercial centre of South Africa than to be entangled in the political conspiracies which still have their centre at the old Dutch capital. Johannesburg has proved its superior importance and Johannesburg is the headquarters of English influence. The decision also adds evidence to the fact, deplored by the old Hollander element, that the dominance of the Cape and its politicians is disappearing.

President Roosevelt has accepted, at the length of sixty-two pages of type, his nomination as representative of the Republican party. It is not a little remarkable that on the day it was published the German Emperor made a sort of manifesto on the nation's duty to the navy in terms singularly suggestive of President Roosevelt's. Both regard the navy as the key to foreign politics; and if President Roosevelt rather spoke of it as the foundation of international peace his meaning was that it enabled his Government to exercise greater pressure on other Governments than would else be possible. German interests in South America especially compel the Germans to naval efficiency, and if the peace of the world is threatened the threat is likely first to come from the pretensions of the United States in South America and the encouragement to extended interpretations of the Monroe doctrine which a strong navy will stimulate.

Naturally a great portion of the letter was occupied with a defence of high protective duties, supported by an almost flamboyant picture of the consequent greatness of American prosperity. The polemics of the letter also were expressed with some exaggeration and a needless degree of intolerant rhetoric. President Roosevelt's position is such that he is under no temptation to associate his policy with the tricks of politics. Happily in a concluding passage he gave some proof that he has not lost the independent courage with which he began. If ever they were of any value to him he has lost a number of votes in the South by the straight confession of his own personal conviction that the assurance of fair treatment to people of whatever race or colour is a duty which must at once be taken up by the State. It has been a duty long neglected and grossly violated in many recent instances.

Some comment has been made on the large amount of transport which accompanied the troops during the manœuvres in Essex; and unfavourable comparisons have been drawn between the Japanese and ourselves in this respect. It must, however, be remembered that Europeans cannot live on the small amount which suffices for Asiatics. But apart from this, one result of the South African campaign has been to increase considerably the amount of transport we take into the field. The tendency with us nowadays is to relieve the soldiers of all possible incumbrances. The idea is of course excellent, and in the open country of South Africa worked well. Transport wagons could move along several abreast, being practically and in most cases independent of the roads. Thus they could be brought up quickly when required. But in an enclosed country, where transport is necessarily confined to the roads, the baggage train drags out to unconscionable lengths. The result is that though men can move more freely—an enormous advantage—it is extremely problematical whether the necessities of life will reach them within a reasonable time after the halt, whilst the existence of a large baggage train is always a great anxiety. The other European nations do not pursue this ideal, and are content to put up with the disadvantage of a heavily burdened soldier, which has, nevertheless, the corresponding advantage of rendering him much more independent of the transport.

The "Discovery", almost as trim and clean as when she started more than three years ago, reached Portsmouth on Sunday, and already the achievement of Captain Scott has received its full recognition. He has been given higher rank and the King has ordered the unusual honour of striking a special medal for the expedition. It is to be remembered that the Admiralty took small official notice of the expedition and only after long pressure was the Treasury persuaded to share in the expense. There was the more compulsion put on the Government to help as four other nations were sending out expeditions and the search for the ultimate South was accompanied by the pleasant zest of international rivalry. It is too early to compare the scientific value of the information acquired in the various expeditions. Commander Scott himself estimates that it will take three years before his own material can be properly summed up and assessed. Perhaps a properly balanced mind would lay all the stress on this side of the question, but it is a plainer and more popular title to fame that Captain Scott, Lieutenant Shackleton, and Dr. Wilson penetrated to latitude $82^{\circ} 17'$, several degrees further south than any other explorer; and to do so the three men had to make a sledge journey of nearly a thousand miles and in consequence of the loss of the dogs pull their own sledges back.

The death of Mr. James Lowther creates a vacancy in the representation of the Isle of Thanet, and unless the differences in the Conservative party can be composed in the next few days, it looks as if this otherwise safe seat would go to the Radicals. Unfortunately the difference between the Isle of Thanet Conservatives is not one of principles. Were it a question whether a Chamberlainite or a Balfourite should be chosen to bear the Unionist flag, we should watch the contest with interest, if with regret. But the quarrel is one of those unedifying squabbles over the personality of a candidate, which cause the judicious to grieve and the enemy to rejoice. Mr. Lowther's death having been regarded as inevitable for some time past, Mr. Harry Marks, who lives near Broadstairs, set to work with characteristic energy to canvass the wards and associations, we understand, with success. The "mugwumps" of the party object to Mr. Marks, not on the ground of his being a strong supporter of Mr. Chamberlain, but because of his connexion with financial journalism. Mr. Marks has sat in the House of Commons as the representative of St. George's-in-the-East, and has served in that capacity on the London County Council. If any definite charge is brought against him, no one is more capable of answering it than Mr. Marks. But the mere accusation of being a financial journalist is absurd, because every newspaper, daily or weekly, which has a City article, is a financial journal. A personal record which was good enough for London is, we should think, good enough for the Isle of Thanet: and if the fiscal question is going to occupy the carpet for the next ten years, Mr. Marks is better qualified than most people to assist in the discussion.

Mr. Raven-Hill's cartoon in "Punch", with the lines "Quoth Dunraven, Devolution, Only that and nothing more", is the happiest hit we have seen since Tenniel's palmy days. The pensive portrait of Mr. Wyndham is exquisite, though perhaps for a political cartoon it is wanting in the suggestion of the ludicrous, which is essential to caricature. If a rival to Mr. F. C. Gould has been found at last, it will certainly be a relief, for monotony palls. As to the subject of the cartoon, it is difficult to say at present how much importance is to be attached to Lord Dunraven's movement for a junction between landless landlords and Nationalists. Should Mr. William O'Brien join Lord Dunraven, which is not impossible, the thing might become serious. But Lord Dunraven has never yet proved himself capable of thinking anything out, or following anything up. His interest in politics has always been intermittent, and whether from indolence or impatience he has dropped one chance after another in public life. Besides, a landlord who has sold, or is about to sell, his land under the new Act is not in a very strong position: he cannot get his money and keep his political influence at the same time. When the last Land Act was under

discussion, we pointed out that the expropriation of the landlords might remove the last barrier against Home Rule. Lord Dunraven is apparently leading the way to the fulfilment of our prophecy.

The revising barristers all over the country have been busy receiving the claims of passive resisters to be reinstated as voters. There has been some conflict of opinion. At Scarborough fifty resisters pleaded in vain, but at Bristol a barrister decided that the refusal to pay the education rate disqualified for municipal but not for Parliamentary franchise. The statutes on the question are precise that the payment of "all poor rates" is a necessary qualification for the franchise, municipal or Parliamentary. The plea of the resister is that the education rate is not a part of the poor rate and on some of the municipal demand notes a distinction, which may or may not involve an essential difference, is drawn between the two rates. But however nice the technical point of law a consistent Liberal will find it as difficult to square this theory of an essential difference between the right of the poor to free education and to other less intellectual privileges with his general political theories, as the passive resister to make resistance to law consistent with his belief in the omnipotence of the majority. But there are more powerful agents than the will of the majority. One nonconformist resister at least confessed that he resisted because "his wife vowed that else she would not believe his teachings any more".

A larger question in the policy of resistance is involved in the preparation for the conference of Welsh Councils which is to take place at Cardiff early in October. At a preliminary meeting at Shrewsbury on Wednesday it was decided to recommend a general policy of resistance, the federation of all public authorities in Wales to oppose what was called the Welsh Coercion Bill. It was certainly quite impossible to recognise in the wild descriptions of its clauses the Education Bill as it was passed; and Mr. Lloyd-George forgot his humour when he fell into the style of the resolutions of the Congregational Union and talked of Wales, "roused as she had never been roused before, fighting on no matter what the battle cost her". If only a few more people would read the Education Act, how flat this sort of language would fall!

The trial of Thomas, alias Smith, whose real name appears to be Meyer, for such offences as Mr. Adolf Beck was twice convicted of, will not greatly add to Mr. Beck's satisfaction. In a speech of more than usual pomposity Mr. Mathews, who appeared for the prosecution, took some credit to himself for a very tame exculpation of Mr. Adolf Beck; and Mr. Justice Phillimore followed his example. The references were certainly not more than Mr. Beck's due. But a man who was condemned to seven years through mistaken identity will not get much pleasure from hearing it officially stated that he was convicted "it is now thought unjustly", nor will it seem to him a good example of abstract justice that this man Thomas, who allowed an innocent man to suffer for his crimes, who has persistently pursued his course of crime over a very long period and acknowledged his guilt, should be sentenced to a period of penal servitude shorter by two years than the sentence passed on Mr. Beck. Mr. Justice Phillimore's sermon may seem an incomplete justification for this inequality.

It is good news that in spite of preliminary difficulties of expense Mr. Hogarth has been enabled to set out to carry on the excavations of the temple at Ephesus. The Sultan, who has also been bestowing unwonted hospitality on British sailors, has issued a special "irade" giving full permission. We have further information on Cretan excavations in a readable and scholarly report of the British School at Athens which may be taken as a suggestive appendix to Mr. Arthur Evans' speech at the British Association. What will most interest scholars is the proof that Greek art was a direct descendant of Egyptian. The Minoan art, both ceramic and bronze, which probably reached its climax soon after 2000 B.C. is certainly inspired by Egypt, but has a grace for which we have no better

adjective than Grecian, though it anticipates and in many instances surpasses the best Greek work. The almost perfect resemblance of women's dress to the fashionable evening dress of ladies in London and Paris to-day is an amusing and popular detail. But the amusement should be coupled with some shame that we have little to-day comparable with the artistic beauty of the decorative designs of the Minoan artists of 4,000 years ago.

Travellers are naturally rather shy of visiting Japan at present. But they are wrong: there is neither danger nor discomfort to fear. Life goes on in Japan just as if there was no war: the trains run as regularly and are as much at the disposal of tourists as in time of peace. Indeed, if one is unable to read the newspapers and the placards, the visitor would not know that Japan was engaged in war. To say that an hotel is the best in the Far East is saying very little; but perhaps the best hotel in the world for cooking and comfort is the Oriental Palace at Yokohama, which has lately been rebuilt, and is kept by two Frenchmen, who pride themselves on having imported the first three chefs into Japan. There are also good hotels at Kyoto, at Nikko and at Myanoshita. Anyone who wishes to buy Japanese works of art should visit Japan now, for the art dealers are selling their wares cheap after a very bad year. Such a chance for the virtuoso is not likely to occur again, for as soon as the war is over Japan will be flooded by Americans and Europeans, and prices will go up with a rush. By the way, a rather transparent attempt is being made by certain journals to boom some Japanese gold mines, which are very much in the air, or rather in the ground, at present, for they have not even been prospected. Japan has already several gold mines, but they are of little or no account, as compared with those of South Africa or Australia. The richest of them, the Sado mine in Niigata only produced 12,574 ounces of gold in 1902; the Ushio mine in Kagoshima produced 11,925 ounces; and the other mines, of which there are seven or eight, produced from 6,000 to 2,000 ounces apiece. Japan may be an auriferous country; but it has to be proved.

Acton, Gardiner, Lecky are the names of the great historians whose services the Historical MSS. Commission has lost between the publication of the fifteenth report and the present one. It would be idle to pretend that any historian of the front rank were left to the Commission. In fact we have none. Instead, we have a number of most industrious, conscientious writers and searchers of a lesser breed; admirable coaches, one or two almost brilliant lecturers. A word of praise is due to Mr. Cartwright the secretary of the Record Office, who is also the secretary of the Commission. He is one of those who gladly work in obscurity. When the name of such a man happens to appear in some honour list it is discreetly passed over in silence by professional commentators. He has very likely never troubled to fill in the reference book form which requests information as to your favourite drink or relaxation and your London Club, hallmark of respectability or the reverse.

Whether the organisation known as "The Press and Magazine Artists of Great Britain" is, as the "Daily Mail" asserts, "a great charity swindle", or whether it is a genuine undertaking for the benefit of a deserving class, we do not know. But in either case the account of the attempt by an American canvasser to get a subscription for the new club out of Sir Thomas Dewar is sufficiently amusing. Sir Thomas Dewar, who quite unnecessarily informs us that he is a Scotchman, refused to give money, but offered to send the club £50 worth of whisky, in exchange for a like value in pictures by "the Press and Magazine Artists of Great Britain", provided he was allowed to select his pictures. The Yankee drummer was fairly taken aback, for he was not sure which he wanted least, his own pictures or Sir Thomas Dewar's whisky. In the end, however, it seems to us that the American got the better of the Scot: for Sir Thomas Dewar sent samples of his whisky, but Mr. Waterbury did not send any samples of his pictures.

LHASA—AND AFTER.

THE Tibet expedition has been brought to a successful conclusion by the signing of a treaty at Lhasa, and the Mission is to commence its return journey to India as soon as possible. The flight of the Dalai Lama and his evil genius, Dorjeieff, the good offices of the Amban and the Nepal and Bhutan envoys, and above all the cumulative indemnity imposed by Colonel Younghusband, have at last induced the Shapes and the Tsong-du to abandon their attitude of childish obstruction and to agree unreservedly to the terms of the Indian Government. But having had long and unpleasant experience of the way in which Tibetan diplomats evade their obligations, we must seriously consider what is to be done in case the treaty is not loyally observed. The settlement of 1893 provided, for instance, that an open trade-mart should be established at Yatung on the Sikkim frontier. This was done, and no tolls were levied at Yatung, but hardly any merchandise was allowed to be brought there. The little that got through was subjected to a 10 per cent. duty at Phari, four days' journey away, which rendered the provisions of the treaty, so far as trade was concerned, a dead letter.

Have we any reason to believe that the present agreement will not be similarly evaded as soon as our troops have recrossed the border? If the Tibetans break faith with us again, we shall have no alternative but to send another armed mission to Lhasa, in fact we shall be exactly where we are now, except that the fresh insult will call for the infliction of severer punishment on the stubborn Lamas, while they will use their recent experience to make the repetition of our task more difficult. Many of the defiles on the road to Lhasa are of immense natural strength, and the fight at the Karo-La in May last, when the issue was for some time doubtful, showed that an attack on a strong mountain fastness, garrisoned only by Tibetans, may easily result in failure, if not defeat. In expeditions of this kind we cannot afford even temporary failure. The news that the foreign invaders had been beaten back would run like wildfire through the land, and the next attempt would find the enemy stronger in numbers, flushed with success, and backed by a fanatical belief that gods, demigods and demons were fighting on their side, as they fought in the old days when the Kashmiris or Dzungars invaded Tibet, only to recoil like the Gauls from Delphi.

The problem of enforcing treaty obligations on the frontier tribes has puzzled many rulers of India, both native and British, and has seldom been satisfactorily solved except by an effective occupation of the conquered territory. Ranjit Singh, indeed, devised an alternative scheme which worked well in his day. When he subdued a refractory clan on his borders, he took a number of the leading men of the tribe to Lahore as hostages, kept them at his court, entertained them royally and treated them as honoured guests. But if their people rose against him, or committed any depredations on his subjects, the hostages were summarily executed, and a Sikh army was sent to fetch some more. The simplicity and directness of this plan appealed to Oriental ideas, and when once his methods were understood the "Lion of the Panjab" was allowed to reign in peace. However this policy is a trifle too Asiatic for our modern notions, and we must find some less drastic means of compelling our neighbours to respect their agreements. The establishment of a British representative at Lhasa has been frequently discussed, but apart from the objections to keeping a solitary Englishman some three hundred miles from the nearest European settlement, there would be grave danger of an attack on the residency by fanatical monks, and the lesson taught us by the murder of Cavagnari at Kabul is not to be lightly disregarded. Another suggestion has been to settle at Lhasa a Buddhist agent like our Musalman Agent at Kabul. This is impracticable because there is not to be found among our Asiatic subjects an orthodox Yellow Cap Buddhist of sufficient rank and position for the post. Buddhism is extinct in India. A native of Burma or Ceylon is out of the question for many reasons, the chief one being that in the climate of

Tibet he would not live a month, while the men of Sikhim and Bhutan belong to the Red Cap sect, who are bitterly antagonistic to the Yellow Caps of Lhasa. Besides, the dislike to foreigners in Tibet is political, not religious. Buddhism, apart from the Red and Yellow Cap schism, is the most tolerant of creeds; an outsider can visit the holiest places in Burma, Ladak, Ceylon or Sikhim, while in Lhasa itself a Hindu trader from Nepal or a Musalman from China or Kashmir is free to come and go. The country is closed only to those who are suspected of being the emissaries of a European power. The hospitable treatment accorded to the Bengali Sarat Chandra Das was due to ignorance of his true character as an agent of the Indian Government, and when this was discovered after his departure, his host, although a Lama of great sanctity and exalted rank, was murdered, together with his whole household, by order of the Dalai Lama.

The plan which appears to offer the fewest disadvantages, and which would enable pressure to be brought to bear on the Lhasa Government in case they should attempt to evade their obligations, is a temporary occupation of the Chumbi Valley, the one natural and direct road from Central Tibet to the plains of India. Drained by the Mo-Chu River, a tributary of the Bramaputra, it belongs geographically not to Tibet but to the Southern Himalayan watershed, like Nepal, Sikhim and Bhutan. It was annexed some 200 years ago by the Tibetans, and is one of their most valued possessions; the land is fertile, the climate excellent, and grass and timber abundant. The snow range of Chomo-lha-ri which closes the northern end of the valley and separates it from Tibet is crossed by the Tang-la, an open pass with a very easy gradient, although 15,700 feet high. A good road from Phari at the head of the valley down the bank of the Mo-Chu River would connect that place with the Bengal-Duars Railway, and would furnish an outlet for the trade of Tibet when once our relations had been placed on a satisfactory footing. In the unfortunate event of further trouble, we should have a base of operations within some fifteen marches of Lhasa, with only one snow-pass, and that an easy one, to cross. The lower valley of the Mo-Chu belongs, it is true, to Bhutan, but a concession for making a road could be obtained by a small payment from that always impetuous State, more especially as the rubber-trees and timber along the river have for years been practically worked out.

Sir Ashley Eden was struck with the advantages of the Mo-Chu route when he crossed the river in 1864, and the annexation of the valley was strongly urged on the Government of India in 1888 as a set-off to the million sterling expended on the abortive Tibet expedition in that year, but the policy of laissez-faire and the fear of offending China were too strong in those days to allow such a course to be taken. Again, in 1895, Sir Charles Elliott, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, told the Government of India that in his opinion the wisest policy would be to march in and hold the Chumbi Valley in pawn, either temporarily or permanently, as a means of bringing the Tibetans to terms.

It is well known to all who have had to deal with Asiatics that a defeat, no matter how decisive, is never looked on as an accomplished fact by the defeated tribe or their neighbours, unless some visible sign in the shape of territory remains in the hands of the victors. The few miles of rocks and thorny scrub between Landi Khana and Tor Kam, at the Dacca end of the Khaibar Pass, have no intrinsic value and would scarcely feed a flock of goats, but there is not a man on the Border, Afghan or Mohmand, Shinwari or Afridi, Kabuli trader or Sikh soldier, who does not know that that barren waste marks the conquest of Afghanistan by the British, and the fact that the Afghan escort now meets the caravans at Tor Kam, instead of as in former days at Landi Khana, is an abiding proof of the overthrow of Shere Ali. For this reason alone it would be a grave political mistake to allow the mission to withdraw from Lhasa leaving the frontier as it was a year ago. The Government has said that it desires no acquisition of territory, but a temporary occupation of the Chumbi Valley, dependent on the behaviour of the Tibetans for its continuance, would without a breach

of faith point the moral of the advance to Lhasa, while the construction of a good road from the Bengal Duars to Phari would do more to stimulate trade with Tibet than a score of treaties.

On the North-West frontier the opening up of Malakhand and Swat has increased the trade with India until the little railway is no longer able to cope with the traffic and a larger gauge line is contemplated. If this result can be obtained by some eight years of intercourse with a comparatively poor and unimportant border State, we may expect far more from the establishment of commercial relations with a country of some 700,000 square miles, rich in wool, borax, salt, musk and gold, not to speak of furs, hides, turquoise and other lesser articles of trade, a country too which will take in exchange some of our most important English and Indian exports, tea, tobacco, silk, woollen and cotton goods, hardware, glass and china.

It is impossible that any great trade could ever develop along the present route, a mere mule-track, blocked by snow on the Jélap Pass for three months in the year and by landslips and floods in the Sikhim valleys for four months more. But if we open a road into the interior trade will follow it. Colonel Young-husband's expedition has been admirably managed. There is therefore the greater obligation to ensure more permanent results than the memory of a race-meeting at Lhasa.

THE WAR AT HOME.

MIMIC warfare on a small scale naturally loses much of its interest when a great struggle in the real business is taking place at the same time. Still the manœuvres which have just come to an end have been of some interest, though not of as much as had been generally anticipated. Though the Army Council have disclaimed the idea that their manœuvres had any connexion with the great subjects of home defence and the invasion of England, some lessons in this respect can at any rate be learnt. It may be noticed in passing that the composition of the Manœuvre staff shows how great has been the change in military administration during the last twelve months. At last year's manœuvres Lord Roberts was at the head of affairs, supported by some of our best known generals. Sir William Nicholson, though not actually present at last year's operations—which were universally pronounced as amongst the most instructive ever held in this country—had of course a hand in the arrangements made; and amongst other well-known names were those of Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny and Sir Ian Hamilton, not to mention a host of lesser celebrities. This year nearly all is changed. The Duke of Connaught is now at the head of affairs; whilst the Manœuvre scheme was prepared under the direction of Sir Neville Lyttelton and his subordinates, perhaps equally able, but not so well known, as the members of the old régime. Indeed as regards South African officers, the only well-known names this year were those of Sir John French and Sir Bruce Hamilton, although many others of those concerned took part in some phase of the long struggle. We are far, however, from complaining of this. For it was becoming clear that South African experiences were exercising an undue prominence in army affairs; and we are convinced that too rigid an adherence to the lessons of that campaign was acting injuriously on the efficiency of the army, and the arrangements made for its future requirements.

As regards the manœuvres themselves, the great point is the lessons which have been learnt. The invasion of Essex was purely imaginary. It was not, for the purposes of the manœuvres, England which was being invaded, but some unknown country. There was no naval opposition to a landing on these shores: and the operations were carried out for the most part, except as regards the immediate vicinity to the coast, in a very enclosed country. The scheme also contained many elements of unreality. Another invading force was supposed as a feint to have landed on the South coast. So the main defending army had on paper been diverted thither. But as the real attack was directed on the Eastern coast, it followed that, as the major

part of the defending forces was on the South coast, the attacking force was at the start the more powerful of the two. Thus General French was able to land and advance without much serious opposition, and to take Colchester. But when large reinforcements were despatched to the aid of the single division which at first was opposing him, a retreat to the coast became inevitable, and here perhaps the most valuable lesson was learnt. With the command of the sea, it was possible to land, but no number of battleships and cruisers could command the elements: and when General French wanted to re-embark, the sea was rough and he was unable to do so. Herein then lay the principal lesson. The invasion of England has recently been the subject of much heated debate between the upholders of the "blue water" and "Surrey hills" schools of thought; and the difficulties encountered in effecting a re-embarkation may at first sight seem to favour the blue water school views. But this does not really touch the most important aspect of the question. Even though the elements might prevent a successful re-embarkation and seriously menace the very existence of the invaders, the loss of prestige and the blow to commercial credit entailed by the mere fact that a landing had been effected, would still be incalculable. But as these manœuvres were purely hypothetical, it would not perhaps be right to dwell too much on the conclusions to be drawn from them in this respect. As regards their tactical significance, it is perhaps well that some manœuvres have been held in an enclosed district, which in consequence gave our generals and troops some experience of operations under conditions with which they were unfamiliar. Most of their previous experience had been gained in the open veldt of South Africa; and, as regards manœuvres, mainly in the open country round Aldershot and Salisbury, and on the Wiltshire downs. As to the manner in which the operations were conducted, it will suffice to say that the opposing commanders seem to have done their business well, as indeed was only to be expected from the previous records of Generals French and Wynne.

It is said that something like a quarter of a million will have to be expended in paying the bill; which, considering the heavy cost involved in hiring sea transport is not an excessive estimate. But the point is, will the lessons learnt be worth the expenditure of so large a sum of money? To start with, Essex is so much cultivated, and so many spots, in the conditions under which we hold manœuvres, are of necessity placed out of bounds, that the operations could not but be marked by many rather ludicrous features; they were in fact very largely confined to the roads. It is true that the experiments made in various kinds of appliances for landing horses and matériel may prove to have been instructive. But the horse boats &c. used appear to have been of a somewhat antiquated pattern. Had it been otherwise, however, the experience gained would more likely have been of value to our possible enemies than to ourselves. It was already plain before the manœuvres took place, that the time required to land 12,000 men on a coast, devoid of docks and landing stages, was bound to be considerable; and it would appear probable that any new appliances which were used could have been tested in a less expensive and ostentatious manner. On the whole, therefore, we cannot congratulate the new Army Council on their first manœuvres. Had they really been carried out realistically they would have afforded too much information to our possible foes; carried out as they were, they have hardly been sufficiently instructive. Also they have been decidedly costly; and, except perhaps as regards experience in the difficulties of re-embarking, we fail to see that they have justified the expenditure.

MR. JAMES LOWTHER.

LORD BEACONSFIELD said many years ago that to be in the House of Commons without being in London society was like playing a game of blind man's buff. The saying is no longer as true as it was. Society by increasing its size has diminished its power;

and it is nowadays obliged to share a lessened influence with a well-informed press. Everyone can mention several instances of men who have worked their way to the front rank in politics without any assistance from society. But there is still a great deal of truth left in the observation, for in every popular assembly the fact of a man's being in the social swim will always confer upon him a certain prestige. Mr. James Lowther was "in the swim", and a good deal of his peculiar influence and position in the House of Commons was due to the knowledge that he was as much at home at Newmarket and Marlborough House as at Westminster. Even those Englishmen who know as little about the pasterns of a horse as Dr. Johnson have an unbounded respect for a Steward of the Jockey Club. A wealthy bachelor, "Jim" Lowther knew everybody, heard everything, went where he liked, and said what he pleased. Yet he was never known to abuse a confidence or a friend. And this leads us to note that, apart from the cachet of his position on the Turf and in society, Mr. James Lowther had moral qualities, which are all too rare, but which never fail to secure their possessor the respect of his acquaintances and the affection of his friends. Mr. Lowther was as straight as a die: he was absolutely truthful; he knew no fear: he was perfectly loyal to his associates, whether in business or pleasure. But he expected other people to treat him as he treated them, and the writer remembers his complaining of the desertion of a colleague, who had promised to support him in moving some amendment or resolution. "I have seen some shabby tricks played on the Turf in my day", said Mr. Lowther sadly, "but I really can't remember anything more shabby than So-and-So's not turning up this afternoon." He never forgot or dropped anybody. For a great many years Mr. Lowther used to invite some two dozen of his parliamentary friends to an annual dinner at his house in Grosvenor Street or at the Bachelors' Club. Naturally a good many of his original guests fell out of Parliament; but Mr. Lowther, though he added to his list, never struck off a name, and went on inviting and receiving the ex-M.P. with as much cordiality as if he was still an active and important colleague. His good breeding and self-possession never failed him in any company; and if he seldom said a witty thing, he never said a rude one. There is a French proverb that it takes a bad heart to say a good thing; and in conversation Mr. Lowther was shrewd and sympathetic rather than brilliant. He never tried to score off anybody, knowing well the danger of the habit. He sometimes rambled a little in narrative; but his voice was so melodious and so well modulated that his listener was not fatigued. His exquisite courtesy and consideration for other people's feelings were based on something better than training, namely, on real kindness of nature. Such a man is bound to be loved. He was probably the recipient of a good many confidences, for he was just "the man of the world" whom men and women would consult in a difficulty. He was rather like Lord Eskdale in "Coningsby", who is said to have been the Lord Lonsdale of Disraeli's youth.

In public life the position of Mr. James Lowther was unique. He had been Under-Secretary for the Colonies and Irish Secretary under Lord Beaconsfield: but no one remembers what he did in those posts: one never thought of him as an official. Jim Lowther was a personage in the country and in Parliament; but it was as a thoroughgoing Tory, not as a Front Bencher, that he loomed large in the public eye. Apart from the question of Protection, Mr. Lowther approached politics in a spirit of good-humoured indifference. For though he had a quaint habit of speaking of men of light and leading as "damned scoundrels", and generally referring to them as unconvicted felons, the abuse was purely Johnsonian, and the strange oaths and epithets were spoken so pleasantly that not even their subjects could have been offended. Once Mr. Lowther was caught in this way, for coming up from Margate in the train he was drawn into conversation by a fellow-passenger, to whom he confided, more suo, that "old Sarum was a poop-stick" and "Balfour was a funkier" and "Joe Chamberlain was" &c. &c. The traveller was aghast at hearing his member speak of these awful persons in this strain,

and the conversation found its way into some newspaper. Mr. Lowther was quite aware that he was regarded by his countrymen as the type of narrow-minded Tory squire, and was not above occasionally playing up or down to the part. Thus, although he spoke French unusually well for an Englishman and was a frequent visitor to Paris, in addressing his Yorkshire or Kentish farmers he always alluded to the Frenchman as "Mounser", and if he had occasion to mention a French statesman by name he would say, "Mounser Delcassy". We recollect once crossing from Paris to London with Mr. Lowther, and from the moment we landed at Dover no royal prince or Prime Minister could have been treated with more signs of respect and goodwill than the member for the Isle of Thanet. Guards walked before him to his carriage with bows and smiles, and when we got to Victoria some high official rushed into the Customs House and bawled out, "Pass Mr. James Lowther's luggage through at once"! All this was of course perfectly unsolicited and unexpected attention, for there never was a simpler, a more unaffected, and a less exacting man. It was an unbought tribute of sympathy and admiration from plain Britons to a character which they thoroughly appreciate, that of an upright, open-handed, free-spoken English gentleman, who did as he would be done by, and served his country to the best of his ability. He certainly was no orator: in fact he was a bad speaker, for he hummed and hawed a good deal, from lack of vocabulary and from a not too copious flow of ideas. He was not above employing the arts of obstruction, for he considered everything was fair in war. And few could obstruct more artistically than Mr. James Lowther, for he knew his procedure at one time almost as well as Mr. Tim Healy, and he was always so polite that he did not excite the wrath of the Chair, or even of those against whom he was manœuvring. Probably no one was less surprised than Mr. Lowther by Mr. Chamberlain's conversion to Protection. Either he had earlier information than the world, or the wish was father to the thought, for he was always darkly prophesying the event. Mr. Lowther was really in earnest about Protection; and it is sad that he should have passed away on the eve of the triumph of his ideas.

THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK.

THE month of September is always an interesting period for Lombard Street, but many special circumstances, even apart from the complexities issuing from the war in the Far East, add a quite exceptional importance to the financial outlook for the approaching autumn. It is during the next few months that the chief crops of the world have to be financed: Egypt, India, America and in a lesser degree South America have had in the past to call upon Europe to provide the funds to carry out the vast operations necessary to lift their various natural products, and it is on the estimate as to the probable requirements of these countries that general calculations are principally based. It appears highly probable that the demands upon Europe will not be so heavy as in former years. It is supposed that the requirements of Egypt will amount to about £8,000,000, but it is unlikely that more than a third of this sum will be drawn from London. The balance will, it is stated, go from France, which is well able to send that sum without inconvenience and with a minimum of disturbance in rates. India is in the happy position of having too much gold. Indeed at a recent meeting of the Bank of Bombay the chairman deplored the fact that so many sovereigns were in the country and it is known that a sum of £1,000,000 is on its way from India, with the probability that there will be still a considerable addition to those figures. The requirements of the United States and Canada are to be met without recourse to Europe, possibly with one small exception; and although the Argentine will call upon us for a certain amount it is not considered probable that the exports of gold to that country will reach the total of former years. These exports were occasioned mainly by the heavy imports of grain from the Argentine to South Africa, which has had so good

a harvest that the importations from South America will be much reduced. Assuming that these estimates are approximately correct there will be a considerable sum on balance to our advantage over the figures of previous years, and to this must be added the increasing inflow of gold from South Africa, which should assume very substantial proportions before the end of the year. To complete the review of the factors which make for cheap money it is only necessary to note that the dulness of trade and enterprise assists the accumulation of dead money, which bankers are only too willing to lend out at low rates to give it employment. In ordinary times and under similar financial conditions there would be no hesitation in making the positive statement that a sustained period of cheap money was inevitable. But there remains the potent factor of the Russian-Japanese war and the information from the Far East which has reached us during the past week leaves no reasonable doubt that the struggle will be indefinitely prolonged. The extended duration of the war means that both combatants must apply to Europe for loans, and this knowledge will always have a tendency to repress that buoyant confidence in the future which is the chief psychological influence in the creation of business. It is difficult to state how much the floating balance of the Russian Government is in Paris. But we know that the French banks are employing large sums in this market and presumably a proportion of the sum is Russian money which must obviously be withdrawn, sooner or later. Immediately any considerable portion of the foreign money is withdrawn from London it would naturally harden rates here and make money more lendable, whilst if the Bank of England continues to increase in strength and rates continue to fall it would be a natural consequence that money should leave the country. Finally with any prolonged ease in the market a renewal of colonial and municipal borrowing would be attempted. The heavy indebtedness of the colonies in the shape of Treasury bonds at various currencies and at relatively high rates of interest cannot bear much increase, and the colonies concerned would welcome the opportunity afforded by cheap money to provide in a more satisfactory and permanent form for their floating debts. As to the municipalities which have adopted the practice of receiving deposits from the public and have also large amounts outstanding in bills at two and three years' date, it is difficult to see how they can much longer finance their various undertakings without recourse to a public issue in a permanent form.

We are not therefore among those who believe in a long period of pronounced ease, although we do not anticipate any pressure except of a passing nature in the event of the issue of a big war loan. We take the view that the conditions which make for substantial ease are fairly balanced by the contingencies and probabilities to which we have referred, and we incline to look for the continuance of the present rates until October probably and thereafter a steady hardening in the value of money.

The immediate state of loanable capital has however been reflected in the investment market, and although the premier gilt-edged securities are not much higher on balance for the week there has been a demand for colonial Treasury bonds which yield about $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; a certain inquiry has also taken place in the prior securities of the home railway companies and the market is not by any means well supplied with stock. The ordinary stocks however have not improved notwithstanding the good traffic returns.

Foreign stocks have been active with marked declines in the Japanese issues, the 5 per cent. bonds having fallen as much as $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on balance. This is of course the reflection of the latest despatches as to the result of the operations round Liau-yang. The market, giving a curious instance of the effect of prejudice on the judgment, looked for the extinction of General Kuropatkin's army and there is now corresponding gloom at the prospect of a prolonged continuance of the campaign. The absence of any further disquieting news from Uruguay has had the effect of a sharp move in those issues, and the activity in Peruvian stocks has continued; the buying both on home and foreign account has been very heavy.

The American market has been extremely excited and Wall Street has fully sustained its reputation for violent fluctuations. The upward movement in Steel issues has continued, influenced by the statement that a very big order for rails has been placed with the corporation by the Japanese Government. The ordinary shares of the Southern Railway have received particular attention and have gained nearly five dollars. As far as one can gather however the English public continue to stand aside and we trust that they will remain aloof from this market which is far too dangerous for the amateur.

The South African mining market has been dull and disappointment was felt that the increase of 4,437 ounces in the gold output of the Witwatersrand for the month of August did not have a better effect. The total output for 1904 now amounts to 2,435,400 ounces, an increase of about 600,000 ounces, and at this rate of progress it will not be long before the figures equal those which obtained before the war. The shrinkage in the number of Kaffirs employed was more than counterbalanced by the increase in the Chinese labourers who are reported to be proving satisfactory and, contrary to expectation, to be spending their money freely. The rumours as to the difficulties in the reef of the City and Suburban Mine have been officially contradicted and the quotation has practically recovered to its previous position. There have been no further statements made in regard to the discovery of banket in Rhodesia, but it is believed that an important company will be formed to deal comprehensively with the discoveries by which the shareholders of the Rhodesia Exploration and Lomagunda Companies will materially benefit. In connexion with Rhodesian affairs there has been a rise of several points in the debentures of the Rhodesia and Mashonaland railways consequent on the statements that the negotiations still pending between the representatives of the colony and the Chartered Company are likely to lead to a satisfactory conclusion: there is also the belief that a better time generally is in store for Rhodesia if the new gold discoveries are all they are stated to be.

COLONIAL LIFE OFFICES.

NATIONAL MUTUAL OF AUSTRALASIA.

THE National Mutual of Australasia is one of the very few colonial Life assurance companies with a branch in the United Kingdom which under certain contracts gives better advantages than any other company. By careful selection of the particular policies which the circumstances of the association enable it to issue on specially good terms a policy-holder can obtain better results from this company than from any other office in the kingdom, although for certain forms of assurance British and other colonial offices are superior.

For instance, for immediate annuities, its rates are more favourable than those of any other company whose position is sufficiently sound financially to justify the confidence of investors. The reason for its superiority in this respect is obvious. The conditions determining the cost of annuities are the rates of mortality among the annuitants and the rate of interest that can be earned upon the funds. The rate of mortality is about the same for all companies, but the National Mutual of Australasia is earning the exceptionally high rate of £4 18s. per cent. of its funds and is able to give much better terms to annuitants than British offices earning less than 4 per cent. The expenses connected with annuity business are very small and the feature of a high rate of expenditure which makes some of its policies less advantageous than those of British companies does not affect the cost of annuities. It is probable that the association will before long revise its annuity rates and give less favourable terms than now, but at present it is quite the best office for this purpose.

Another contract issued by the association, which partly depends upon annuity rates, gives better results than can be obtained from any other one company. It issues a guaranteed investment policy, which consists of a combination of Life assurance and annuity: the

Life assurance guarantees the return of the capital invested, increased by the addition of bonuses, and the annuity provides for an actual income from the outset payable by half-yearly instalments at the rate of 3 to 3½ per cent. per annum. Considering the security offered and the bonus additions to the capital this is a good return, although better results may be obtained by buying the annuity from the National Mutual of Australasia and the Life policy from a British office. If however it is desired to complete the whole transaction with one company, then the exceptionally low rates which the association at present charges for single premiums on whole Life policies make it the best office for this purpose.

There is yet another form of assurance for which the National Mutual of Australasia is the best company, and that is endowments and deferred assurances for children. The endowment policies provide an amount in cash on the child reaching a given age, say twenty-one. If the father dies before the child attains this age the payment of premiums ceases at his death but the endowment is paid in full at maturity; while if the child dies before reaching the age of twenty-one all premiums paid are returned, with 4 per cent. interest. Another contract provides deferred assurances for children, the assurance coming into force after the child reaches the age of twenty-one, and being maintained thereafter at the original very low premium commenced during childhood. If the parent dies before the child reaches the age of twenty-one no further premiums are payable till twenty-one is reached, while if the child dies prematurely the premiums are returned to the parent with 4 per cent. compound interest. These are very attractive policies which no other insurance company issues on such favourable terms. The cost is really less than formerly, since rebate of income-tax on the premiums is now allowed.

Many other policies issued by the association are good, but we do not think that any of its policies, other than those we have mentioned, are the best that could be obtained. More profitable contracts can be purchased elsewhere. One is the less inclined to point out such features as these in a Life office since in all probability the association makes little or no profit out of annuity business at its present rates, while the single premiums for assurance, which enter into the investment contracts, are abnormally low. But we are concerned with the welfare of individual policy-holders, rather than with the profits of Life assurance companies, and it is only by the process of making selection against the companies, choosing the most favourable features of each, that the best results to individuals can be obtained.

The financial position of the association is sound and satisfactory. The interest earned on the funds exceeds by 28s. per cent. the rate assumed in valuing the liabilities, and although its actual expenditure exceeds the provision made for expenses the margin for security is ample and the prospects for future bonuses moderately good.

YACHTING AND BACKSHEESH.

THERE seems to be a general cry from most yachting centres that things are bad. Fewer yachts than usual have been in commission and fewer almost than ever have changed hands, while there have been hardly any orders for new vessels. I am told that never has yacht building as an industry suffered such a slump as during the past twelve months, and the outlook for the immediate future gives little hope that this state is merely transitory. I am frequently met with the question "Has motoring anything to do with the apparent decline of yachting, and if not what is the reason that so little activity now appears in the yachting world?" To the non-yachting man a visit to Cowes during the regatta week this year would possibly not have revealed the fact that yachting was bad, but to a regular visitor certain changes from the state of things a few years ago were apparent. It is true that the fleet of yachts gathered there extended pretty well from Egypt to Old Castle Point, but yachts are very much larger than they were, and consequently they take more room to swing; hence a smaller fleet in point of numbers

may now occupy the same or a greater space of an anchorage; moreover the foreign element is increasing and generally speaking the foreign yachts are larger than the English. At Cowes this year there were two or three German vessels, one or two French and several Americans, some of the latter being huge vessels, and had these been subtracted from the total of the fleet present there, the gaps left would have been very obvious. It may be interesting to consider possible reasons for the decrease of interest in yachting, and whether it is likely to be only temporary, or if other attractions are seriously competing with it. As I have said it has been suggested that the motor is partly responsible; and this may be true, but though the motor engine as affixed to a car may have induced certain of those who were in the habit of spending some of their leisure on the sea to transfer their pastime to the land, there is, on the other hand, evidence that a new interest on the water has been created by the advent of this motor engine, and the trials in various places of the speed of the motor boats have usually brought together many interested spectators. I should be sorry to think that this new interest in speedy motor boats is really likely to prove injurious to yachting, in the accepted meaning of the term. But it is not difficult to find other reasons accounting for the slackness in yachting; times in the City and elsewhere have not been good, and it is more than likely that the laconic reply "Can't afford it!" has been given by many owners to the query as to why "the yacht has not been fitted out this year". And in connexion with that reply arises food for serious reflection. The expenses of yachting of late years have been growing at a rate which in many cases renders the sport prohibitive; the "wages" item alone is a sufficient indication of such growth. It is probably not untrue to say that this is, in great part, the reason why large class races have almost entirely disappeared, and equally true in a measure of all kinds of yachting. Who or what is to blame? It is not easy to find a satisfactory reply, and in fact the only reply which answers the question at all fully is to say that a system has grown in the yachting world which is wholly unhealthy, and bound in the end to cause deterioration in the sport.

As to racing. In the first place vessels are more expensive to maintain. The wages of crews are far higher than they were, and the bonuses given to racing crews are absurdly high; not only is winning and second money given, but at times, even losing money! and it is thus that the rich yachting man seeks to retain a good crew much to the disgust of the man of moderate means who resents the market being spoilt in this manner. I remember in the days of "Samœna" and "Irex", the bonus the skipper received for a win was five per cent. of the prize money, and the crew received a sum in proportion. I have lately heard of a case where a well-known skipper a few years ago demanded fifty per cent. and his owner was so absolutely ignorant of yachting that he was on the point of agreeing to this impertinent demand, and would have done so had not a friend stopped it. And this leads me to another consideration. Men go yacht racing for various reasons. Some, for the excitement of being on board while racing; some, for the sake of winning one or more particular prizes, some for notoriety. The first class generally know what they are about, but are compelled to follow the example of the two other classes in matters of wages. Of the last named two classes many, I fear, know little or nothing of what they are about, and being absolutely in the hands of their skippers are exploited accordingly; this is not confined by any means to the racing class alone; it is so also in the cruising class, I almost think in the majority of cases. Skippers and stewards have for years greatly exploited their owners; for proof one has only to look at the rows and rows of new cottages growing at Cowes and other yachting centres, not the class of house that the ordinary mercantile marine skipper can ever hope to attain, but something far superior. I remember one of the first of these streets of cottages at Cowes, and on one occasion was walking down it with a brother yachtsman who regarded these little houses for a moment and then asked if the street was called "Commission Row". Here, I believe, is the root of the

disgust of many owners at the bills presented by their skippers and stewards and the consequent suppression of their yachts. I have known of men for months and months out of employment, yet always well dressed and showing no signs of distress, and on these occasions I cannot help wondering, "How is it done?" Tradesmen have no chance of supplying goods to yachts with this class of master or steward unless they pay a heavy commission: and this commission does not come out of the tradesman's pocket. The tradesman himself while soliciting my own custom has admitted this. I do not by any means include all skippers and stewards in this category; many are honest men and have their employers' interests at heart, but the class of commission hunters is very much larger than it ought to be, and it is time that some one drew serious attention to it in the interests of yachting; it is time also that the younger generation of yacht servants realised for their own good that it is not a wise policy to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

First-class racing has disappeared from regatta programmes and the assumption must be that those who can afford this expensive pastime have found that they are not getting "good value" for their money.

These are things which to my mind are much more likely to do harm to the sport of yachting than the motor-car; for it is irksome to a man who joins his yacht for rest and relaxation to find that he has to keep as alert an eye on the heads of departments there as if he were still in the midst of his business or ordinary avocation; or suffer himself to be fleeced to the extent of twenty to thirty per cent. over reasonable cost. The fact is, I fear, many yacht-owners joining their yachts for the sake only of rest and enjoyment, will not take the trouble to inquire into the expenditure, or are so rich as to be able to afford to neglect entirely the question of cost. I need hardly point out that in such cases a very serious temptation is put directly in front of the steward and the master of the vessel, and the fact that their peculations are allowed to continue without check is a direct encouragement to others to follow their example.

There may be other causes why the first-class racing has disappeared, but, whatever they may be, the result remains that handicap racing is much on the increase, and though a perfectly legitimate and amusing form of sport, it does not create the interest which a class of purely racing vessels does, and time allowances got out by the most experienced committee or handicapper can never be as satisfactory as those worked out under rating rules. I hope that in the future we may again see some 90-footers on the line, but it does not look like it at present. Schooner racing, to which both this year and last we have been treated to some extent, does not appear to be liked in this country, and we were almost limited during the past season for any large-class racing vessels to the German Emperor's "Meteor" and the American "Ingomar". I suppose that, no matter what happens, there is a class of yachtsmen who will always manage to get afloat; but the class is not large; it is composed of those who have the leisure, or are on account of health obliged to go to sea, and who in both cases have such a love of it for its own sake that it becomes almost impossible for them to stay ashore for a long period. Their ship is generally the apple of their eye, and every detail connected with her is well known to them; they are not as a rule slow to discover where they can be best served at a reasonable cost. It is usually the man who knows nothing of his ship keeping it merely as an adjunct to the rest of his establishment, and enjoys enclosed waters and much going ashore rather than the open sea, who is generally made to pay heavily for the few months his yacht is in commission. I am convinced that all who are truly interested and devoted to the sport of yachting, whether it be cruising, or racing, would be glad to see a limit put to the extent of the system of "backsheesh" now common between yachts' servants and tradesmen, and unless something in this direction takes place in the near future, I fear that the disgust arising from the absurd bills will drive many yachtsmen to regard their motor car as a better investment.

R. WILLIAMS BULKELEY.

THE BOHEMIAN IN BLOOMSBURY.

AMONGST the subjects open to the satire of critics who aspire to be regarded as the *oi xapiéres* of London life, Bloomsbury has for some time occupied the place of honour. The banality of the district, the vulgarity of its inhabitants, the sordidness of their lives, have been insisted upon with the playful power of youthful fancy that sees a way to earn an honest guinea and bring its name before an inappreciative public. So, thanks to generation after generation of essayists treading up to fame upon the shoulders of this unfortunate region, it has sunk in public estimation to a dreary patch of second-rate boarding-houses, that are only tolerated on account of the excellent "copy" they still provide in the lighter columns of the papers. In song, story and play it has been sneered at and derided, until the more sensitive of its inhabitants have shrunk even from including its name in their address, preferring rather, say, "So and So Place, Russell Square, W.C.". Why, during the long years of its gall, have no voices been raised in its defence? Not from any lack of gratitude amongst its worshippers, but from their recognition of the hopeless incapacity of its critics to understand its charm. How, indeed, could anyone, sunk in the smug respectability of South Kensington or the hideous dulness of an average suburb, catch the faintest breath of that wonderful atmosphere that still lingers over the neighbourhood of Brunswick Square? How can words explain that ecstasy that comes flooding in upon the imagination when darkness steals down upon these quiet streets and squares, and the lamplight gleams amongst the trees? Perhaps it is only that the forgotten dead are wandering again to touch us faintly as they pass. It may be that some well-remembered figures mingle with that ghostly throng. One can picture a silver-haired, kindly-hearted old cynic standing at the corner of Russell Square, gazing sadly at the scenes he loved. Perhaps in some dark doorway in Southampton Row the hermit of Woodbridge looks with dreamy eyes upon the London that he dreaded.

The halo of a dead past spreads over all, but not on this account alone do Bloomsbury people love their land. The real living Bloomsbury, the old gray houses and their strange inmates, are as dear to them as the rocks and valleys to an Irish peasant, or the purple mountains to a Highland crofter. Bernard Street, Guilford Street, Woburn Place, Woburn Square, Tavistock Square—what a world of romance and mystery these names contain! Here tremble the echoes of that wonderful London that was once worth dying in. Cloakless, swordless, but still existent, Adventure, Romance, Mystery, Love, Passion, Danger, Sin, all find a last resting place at Bloomsbury, driven in from the rest of London by the pitiless searchlight of improvement and reform. In the taverns of the district congregate a band of humanity unmatched in England. These are the failures of life—not the grumbling, cadging failures of the Strand—but the calm philosophic vine-worshipping failures who alternate with dignity between the wineshop and the Museum. The younger men, for whom the outside world still calls, come and go, but the older men sit on in their corners, talking with each other in low tones, or blinking at the scene before them. Some of these greybeards have been in their places beyond memory; they have seen generations of young men succeed, fail, disappear; they have welcomed some back in later days; helped them to spend the money that they have obtained from some unknown source, and seen them off again into obscurity. With the grim satisfaction of those who have accepted their destiny they have watched others drifting down the current, men and women, doomed by nature to failure and sin.

But the law of compensation works unregarding preachers and statistics, and contrary to all the respectable rules that are supposed to govern the universe few communities are richer in happiness than these habitués of Bloomsbury. What knowledge of life, what experience, even what wit, have they not acquired in their downward path? With their eyes fixed on no glittering bauble ahead, they have had time to look about them and to understand. Wastrels, failures, they may be; but they march with a good company

from Omar to the Merry Elizabethans, most of whom would nowadays be blackballed at a respectable literary club, and cut in the street by successful novelists.

Those who have served their apprenticeship to failure within sound of S. Pancras bells are singularly faithful to their first environment, when an unexpected smile of fortune lights upon their lives. They return to their haunts, and a crowd of old and new friends soon gather round them. Some of the best have passed during their exile, but the dead sleep sound, and there are good fellows left. The wine is red, and money is in their pockets, and so the days of feasting slip gaily away, until the time for wandering comes back. They pass away again into the unknown, perhaps to reappear once more in later years, perhaps to become like others who have gone before, only a pleasant memory in the minds of their friends. All over the world, for failures in the making are a wandering lot, may be found men who at some time or other have lingered in the atmosphere of this despised district, and for the rest of their lives look back on those cheery, sordid days with an almost painful pleasure. From time to time some stray traveller, passing by, may give them news of that well-beloved land. How one has died, another vanished, and a third, strangely, married and settled down. And then the two strangers will pledge each other, perhaps more well than wisely, and may even for a little while set out together across the plains of life.

POET AND SCIENTIST: A RECONCILIATION.

IT has been hastily assumed even by the poets themselves that there is an essential antagonism between Science and Poetry; the poet is conceived as the child of the early world, the last protesting spirit to feel the inner fire of the imagination whelmed by the chill disenchanting tide of modern realism. Nor would it be difficult to justify this view; the poet meets so many scientific minds which seem to stop in their action just where the highest life in his own begins, he sees them again absorbed in a narrow and unlovely method—

"Men who would peep and botanise
Upon a mother's grave"—

that he interprets these imperfect sympathies as the very spirit of science itself.

Amid the general surge of material progress the poet too feels like the man who comes back to the quiet North Country valley of his boyhood to find it "developed"—the beck with its troutlets has become a hideous sewer with a few sparse trees scared and dying on its banks, while only a strip or two of smoky green amid the scrofulous eruptions of waste and cinder tell of the long meadows where the lark and the corncrake used to call to him. What sense of beauty, what feeling for the spiritual can be left in the men and women born and condemned to live in such surroundings? And the answer is that beauty lies in the human mind and is superior to its environment, just as in Fiona Macleod's beautiful story the Highlander whose eyes had been "anointed" saw the grime and destitution of Glasgow but as vanishing shadows among which walked pure and beautiful souls of men and women.

Even so science is regarded as something antagonistic yet unable to kill the poetry in mankind. Must it accept this position? Can it not lay claim to much higher things? Not only does science represent in part a curious and exact observation of the external world, but the man imbued with the scientific spirit looks at Nature with more penetrating eyes; the obvious everyday things no longer stand detached, but are interwoven with one another and look before and after until they represent ideas as well as facts. No doubt the man with this special view of nature rarely possesses also the poetical temperament; his outlook is statistical or sceptical, but little by little as his knowledge is absorbed into the common stock of all educated men it will become food for the poet. For we have ceased to conceive the imagination as consisting in loose and grandiose rhapsodising; its mark is intensity of vision, the lightning flash of the mind by which we see even the old and familiar touched with unexpected emotion. And just as part of the poet's faculty consists

in turning fresh unspoilt eyes on man and the world, so the very essence of the scientific man is to learn to look at things for himself. True the one is seeking for an absolutely impersonal view whereas the other colours everything with his own individuality; yet both seek detachment from the clichés and conventions which with most men veil the truth.

Nature is just as much nature in the laboratory as in the field; hence the work of science is always enriching the mind with the raw material out of which in the end the poet will draw his illustrations and metaphors. Here and there a fact from the laboratory has already taken root in literature; the sudden crystallisation of a supersaturated solution at the touch of a ready-formed crystal or even at a breath of air is purely a laboratory phenomenon, but it illuminates so many actions of the mind and of the crowd that it is even in danger of becoming trite. Only time is wanted to put many similar experiences at the service of the imagination. When the current dichotomy between the scientific and literary education ceases and a certain acquaintance with science becomes part of the ordinary equipment of the educated man, it will be natural and indeed inevitable to think in terms involving reference to these new phenomena. Of course the process has already begun; the astronomer has always fired the imagination of the poet, perhaps because they both trace back to a common source when the priest-seer watched the stars and invented the dignity of metre to give weight to his prophecies. So from Milton

"like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolè
Or in Valdarno, to descry new land"

on to Keats—

"When a new planet swims into his ken"

the romance of the astronomer, the feeling for the tense moment on the brink of discovery, the possibilities of the unknown that flood in upon Van Meer's Geographer in the Frankfort Gallery, have touched the poet's mind. But it is in Shelley perhaps that we find the most striking instance of the technical use of astronomy, where the earth speaks to the moon—

"I spin beneath my pyramid of night
Which points into the heavens dreaming delight".

This illustrates what we mean by the enrichment of the field of illustration effected by science, to which alone we owe the image of the earth with its cone of shadow projected into space.

Or take again Browning's use of the scientific fact that the moon turns always the same face to the earth; his exquisite fancy of the other side with its "Novel silver lights and darks undreamed of" kept for the true moon lover, culminating in the noble close

"God be thanked the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her!"

Here we have a scientific conception transfigured by the poet's emotion and swept into the great tide of human thought and feeling.

Of course any attempt to transfer scientific material straight into verse will result in banalities of the kind we get in Tennyson's "Princess", but Tennyson's artistic instinct could be guilty of terrible lapses—

"I dozed; I woke. An open landaulet
Whirled by".

Modern things, even machinery, can be treated in verse with dignity and with beauty; without considering Mr. Kipling's experiments we have Matthew Arnold's lines, delicate and precise as a silver-point drawing by Lionardo—

"Slow to a stop, at morning grey,
I see the smoke-crowned vessel come;
Slow round her paddles dies away
The seething foam."

Or we may compare Walt Whitman's locomotive, the "fierce-throated beauty" with Turner's dithyrambic "Wind, Rain and Steam". These however are only episodes and matters of diction where the poet has

begun to use the facts of science for his imagery; the larger step will come when the great scientific conceptions and modes of thought shall have so far become part of the unconscious fabric of man's ideas that they take colour of passion in the poet's mind and grow, interpenetrated by human emotion, into the cry of the living soul. The best illustration that occurs to us is Tennyson's use of the evolutionary hypothesis in "In Memoriam", the progression in his arraignment of Nature—

"So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life",

to the wilder outburst of

"Nature red in tooth and claw".

How the appeal to the scheme of life as seen in the dark backward and abysm of time lends space and grandeur to the expression of the poet's despair, so that his personal grief suddenly grows into the secular protest of the race! If we get but little work on this plane from the current generation of poets it is because most of them have turned away from the modern world to some place of dreams of their own, either to a simple world where men and women only feel and do not think, or to a fancied land of mediævalism or faery. But the poet will come again who will not be content to embrace less than the whole of our actual workaday existence, the intellectual as well as the sensuous life of mankind. This strong soul will not be repelled from science by the antipathies aroused by certain men of science, whom he will regard only as manifestations of the general absence of spirituality in mankind; instead he will seize upon the thread of gold which runs equally through the garment of the universe, whether woven by the modern astronomer with his star gauge and his spectroscope or by the first sun-worshipper on the plains of Chaldea.

RAMBLING DRIVING RECOLLECTIONS.—II.

THE picnic parties to the Trossachs, with varied procession of conveyances, brought out all the latent romance of the Keltic character. Generally a scratch four-in-hand would lead, and tandems tailed off to the dogcart with a single screw who put his fired forelegs forward in the rear like a terrier lolloping along in the wake of the foxhounds. We baited at Callender and refreshed at the Brig of Turk. That no way interfered with the jovial al fresco luncheon on Helen's Isle, where the Highlander with his foot on his native heath chorussed the war songs of the MacGregor and the Clan Alpine, and spouted the "Lady of the Lake" with emphasis which did credit to his fervid appreciation. A banquet ordered in advance awaited us at the Trossachs Hotel, and the most convivial evening I remember was when we forgathered with a committee of the Glasgow Town Council, charged with bringing the waters of the loch to the cisterns of the citizens. Baillie Nicol Jarvie was resuscitated: never have I heard better songs or Scotch stories and the excitement culminated when we woke the night owls with the catch of "Auld lang syne". I drop a veil over the incident when a portly burgher essayed for a bet to climb the flagstaff and strike the Union Jack. He gave up at the go-off when he tore his knee open on the hook which secured the halliards. Horses never go better than by moonlight. How often have I been exhilarated by the rhythmical resonance of the hoofs, coming home from merry dinners at Richmond through the chestnut avenues of Bushey Park, or on some lonely country road where you were inclined to nod on the coach-box! But never was there a more soothing charm in the hoof-beats than when retracing that classical track to Loch Katrine, when in pace we emulated the gallop of Fitzjames from Coilantogle ford to his castle of Snowdown. Landlord and ostler were always on the look-out, at the little wayside inns where we drew up to give the horses meal and water, though in spite of tip and liberal pay, they may have cursed the early hours of the military.

I have written in a former article of the old yellow chariot, but now and apropos of the Highlands the

mail phaeton looms before me. I fancy the mail phaeton has gone out of fashion, and verily it had its inconveniences. There was not much stowage for luggage, and when you faced the rain-drift or the whirling snow blizzard, the hood was rather a trap than a protection. But in fine weather and on smooth roads, to my mind there was no carriage to equal it. With that sheltering and shady hood in a sunny calm or a straight-down drizzle it beat the double dogcart all to nothing. As for the identical phaeton I have in my mind's eye, it was a deep olive green, picked out with thin black lines. The plain black harness, with no gleam or glitter except from the silver crests on the blinkers, set off the shapely pair of dark chestnuts, some fifteen hands or a trifle over, whose fire scarcely flagged through the longest day. Perched high you had the sense of having them well in hand, as you were surveying the scenery from a commanding eminence. The natty little coachman-groom who sat behind was an invaluable man-of-all-work, silently respectful but ready and eager to talk. Next to a Highland drive he enjoyed nothing so much as coming out with the luncheon-basket on a shooting day, and then following the guns and marking the birds. He cherished these chestnuts like his children, but his inseparable companion was the black terrier who cantered behind the carriage, when he did not give the order to be picked up. Many times I have driven on that phaeton to the Northern meeting before the Great North of Scotland Railway superseded the Mail and Northern Defiance. Quarters at the inns had to be engaged in advance, for half the North-Eastern gentry were in movement. But as private sitting-rooms were scarce, friends clubbed for the occasion, and those eminently social evenings were half the fun of the outing. One of the regular attendants at the meeting was a well-known county member, whose wit and humour would have kept any party alive and who might almost have held his own with Sheridan or Hook. The worst of him was that he would never give another man a chance of repartee, and when he had let off one rocket he looked round for the laughs, and was deaf to distractions till he sent up the next.

Necessarily there was no Station Hotel in Inverness then: the Caledonian was the general rallying place and there we put up. The social succursale was Morell's branch establishment, where sherry was in demand all day. Besides the gathering of the clans there was always a strong muster of the military, for Fort George was held in strength by the Highlanders, and contingents straggled in from other garrisons. At the balls square dances were little in favour: but the reels and the waltzing were kept up till the small hours when it seemed scarcely worth while going to bed. Moreover, much liquor was got through from motives of economy, for none was included in the ball ticket; when your partner sipped a glass of champagne, a fresh bottle was opened and it had to be emptied to spare the waiters' temptation. Sometimes, it used to be said, modern Mohawks would break loose in the quiet streets bent on a frolic, and there was a story of a hearse tossed into the river, when a tramp who had found a shakedown inside had a narrow escape from drowning. More peaceful spirits preferred recuperating for the efforts of next evening with fresh air and carriage exercise. The drag from the Fort would be brought out, the horses hitched in by the drowsy soldier-grooms, and off we would gallop, inhaling the ozone from the sea-weed-strewn shores of the estuary, shaking down galantine and pâtés, and getting a voracious appetite for the breakfast when we were received by the sulky solitary on duty.

That phaeton often took us from Aberdeen to the Braemar gathering. No scenery from Tweed to the Pentland Firth is more exhilarating than that of Deeside. Everything is so bright from the grand stems of the pines in Ballochbuie forest, the silvery shimmer of the "birks of Abergeldie", to the scales of the clean-run salmon from the river that is world-famed for "fish and tree". On some of the best of the water the fish run late, and salmon remind me of the excellent living at the inns. Ballater and Brig of Potarch are associated with crimped salmon and salmon cutlets, but it was at Aboyne you first came across venison collops.

The landlords must have been in collusion with keepers or poachers, for the saddle of black-faced was succeeded by grouse or blackgame, and the repast was wound up with the cranberries, and "the rich plain cream" was much appreciated by Dr. Redgill, when entertained at the Cleikum by the Nabob.

At Braemar, with its rival inns, there was always a scramble, and you might be grateful if you got anything to eat at all. Both before the gathering were filled to overflowing, feragers were abroad from the adjacent encampments where Farquharsons and Duffs and Strathdon men were bivouacking with their guests. Horses were stalled in extempore stables; the inn yards were overcrowded with all sorts of conveyances. The unlucky post cattle were worked off their legs, but there was always a pair in reserve for the Queen's messengers. As you lounged in the doorway of the Invercauld Arms, a chaise from the Spittal of Glenshee would come up the road at a hand gallop. Before the steaming posters had strolled down the yard, another pair was being shoved up against the pole and the messenger was on the way to Balmoral. More likely than not there might be nothing of importance in his bags, but again there might be despatches of the last importance, and to do the Government service simple justice, it invariably made the Kelts look alive. The men of Strathdon were always marched across under command of Sir Charles Forbes, grey-haired and grey-complexioned, who had come back from India to his native hills, to throw himself heart and soul into the part of the patriarchal chieftain. On one memorable occasion, two of his aides-de-camp were Indian heroes—Forbes of Invercruan, now General Sir John, then wearing the laurels of Outram's Persian campaign, and the gigantic Colonel Disney Leith who had lost a hand in scaling the walls of Mooltan.

About that time St. John had published his *Tour in Switzerland*, and it brought the boat on wheels into fashion. It was warranted not to break down on rough moorland tracks and might be launched on any back-of-the-world sheet of water which had never been navigated by coble or coracle. The only fishing excursion I made in one proved a great disappointment, and came near to furnish a sensational paragraph for the papers. We jolted to a lonely loch in Inverness-shire over shaggy heather and loose stones, which would have been trying even to a Cape waggon. One of the warranted patent springs gave way and had to be spliced with a piece of rope. We put to sea nevertheless, soaked to mid-thigh in forcing the boat through the sedges. We had been allured by reports of char and big trout lurking in unfathomed depths. But the trolling rods were neglected and at each cast of the flies the water bubbled with the rush of starving troutlets. It was not good enough and we decided to put back, when a tornado of wind and rain upset our arrangements. The boat was neither weatherly nor seaworthy. There was nothing for it but to drift before the storm, and we had a very narrow shave of being swamped, before we beached her on the opposite shore to that where we had left the horses. It was my sole experience of the amphibious carriage, and I never care to have another.

ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

PROGRESS AND REACTION IN MUSIC.

THERE lately died in Vienna, I think, a musical critic, Hauslick, whose name is known probably to every musician in the world, though not one in a thousand, I am sure, has read a line of his criticism. He became known at first, many years ago, as a clever writer who seemed to have some acquaintance with the art of music. But his grand opportunity came with the rise of Wagnerism. While the musicians and public were going over to the new "cause" in hundreds of thousands, and filling the theatres when Wagner operas were given, Hauslick steadily opposed the whole thing. His rancour was extreme. He not only would have none of Wagner's theories, or the music which he and many others supposed to be the outcome of those theories, but even the earlier music, which he could have judged by the standards he himself upheld—even this he refused, although, judged by that

standard, it was good. He thus attracted the notice of the Wagnerites and even of the mighty Richard himself; and he awoke to find himself famous. I don't know that famous is exactly the right word; for although the sight of Mrs. Partington trying to sweep back the Atlantic with a broom would attract a huge audience, I am sure it would not be fame she would acquire. We would use another word. However, Hauslick seemed content. He swept away valorously, indefatigably, with the tide about his very ears; he became the champion in the press of the stupid party of reaction which paid him highly and called him a great man. When the tide of Wagnerism recedes, as it certainly will, I suppose this musical Mrs. Partington will be found there at his post, but drenched and a trifle soppy and not altogether a heroic figure. But, to drop this figure, Hauslick, having become the stupid party's press champion, found his party a musical leader to follow, Johannes Brahms. Thus, as the enemy of Wagner and the backer of Brahms, he gained a double share of his curious fame. Artists were afraid of him, afraid of the terrible bogie-man. There was no critic with his command of the pen and his fearlessness to oppose him or his power would have been broken in a very short time.

He was no critic. He had an easy style weighted only by a heavy load of extremely German wit and humour; he knew to a certain extent good players and singers from bad ones; he had a taste in music. But that taste? It consisted of a gentle liking for certain good sorts of music (for Hauslick had no taste for the meretricious), an extremely mild liking, with nothing of the artist's passionate love for the things that are beautiful or sublime. Consequently it was constantly getting swamped by his prejudices, personal or literary, which were of a different quality. And it was as narrow as it was feeble. I believe he really liked—liked at heart—no music written later than 1827, because the earlier was more tractable under his philosophic and æsthetic treatment. The music that would not be treated in his way, which would not fall into his categories, which reduced the operator to despair, this annoyed him and he called it and came to think it bad. I say he found the earlier music more tractable, and the reason is that he constructed his system to fit that music; and if the later did not fit the system, was it for him, a German, to change the system? Never! away with the music! He thus became of necessity a reactionary, with all the reactionary's dislike and positive dread of the new, especially when it was boldly put forward as the new. If he honestly loved some passages in Beethoven, in Schubert, in Schumann and Brahms, he ought to have accepted similar passages in Wagner. But whereas Brahms was a declared classicist and Schumann a decent romantic, Wagner was the stormy revolutionist, scorning not the old but the imitators of the old, and bringing uproar and disaster into the gentlemanly camp.

Hauslick was no critic because a reactionary can never be a critic. The reactionary says nothing must be done without a precedent, that at some period perfection has been reached and we must go no further; and in so saying he contradicts what he says about some particular master who he considers had reached perfection, for the simple reason that every real master pushes aside as worthless for him the rules, the canons of taste, derived from the study of the achievements of all the great masters before him. Bach did not follow Palestrina, in the slavish sense, nor Mozart and Beethoven Bach; each in turn added the new, and each in turn earned the same condemnation as did Wagner. And as it is the doing of the new thing superbly which makes a man a great master, it follows that in each generation the reactionary has always been and will be always wrong. Progress in an art does not mean the rejection of the old, nor does it mean (for example in music) greater complexity in scoring, larger orchestras, new chords; it means nothing more or less than a movement in a new direction towards a definite artistic result. A critic with the progressive temperament—that is, with a mind that is open to the new and glad to find it—is bound, other qualifications being equal, to be oftener right, and to be therefore a better critic, than the man

who is completely shut off from the finest things done in his own day. The man of progress, demanding only great art, has the whole field of music to work in, the old, the present and the future as fast as the future is disclosed; the reactionary has a tiny bit of the past only, and as he works by standards derived from that tiny bit the chances are much in favour of his being temperamentally unfit to judge of any art whatever, new or old. That is what I say of Hauslick. He spent his life in meddling in matters which were by right no concern of his; he created a deal of mischief, harassed a great artist, and earned the approbation of a pack of fools. Or if fools is too strong a word to apply to the crowd that called Wagner immoral, incompetent and a charlatan, I will substitute for the correct word the phrase, gentlemen congenitally unfit to offer any opinion on the recent developments of music.

We have no Hauslick in England, the nickel-plated copy of him having retired long ago from a field where he gained other things than glory. It is a pity, in fact, that we have not a downright dangerous critic. A critic who is resolutely, valiantly wrong is better than a mere copy-monger. The best critics have often been wrong. Lives of great men might remind us that we can all make our lives ridiculous. But if we have not a powerful spokesman amongst us for the reactionary multitude perhaps it is because we are in no need of one. No one has arisen in his strength to fight against the foundation of a national opera because the public is too stolid, too like a lump of wet clay for there to be much danger of our getting one too quickly. We need not fall into premature grief: depend upon it, in the fulness of time we mere English, we, too, shall produce our Hauslicks. In the meantime we need look no further than two books I have before me to realise how strong are the forces of obstruction and what we shall have to contend against when the hour has arrived and the game of sullen passivity is over and the real active fighting begins.

Here is Miss Bessie Palmer with her "Musical Recollections".* My memory must be more treacherous than I supposed, for it appears she sang, years ago, at concerts which I attended in the north of England, and yet I do not recall her name. That does not matter, for it is evident that she has sung in public a great deal. It is not my business to review the book: indeed a reviewer would find it hard to say much about a somewhat disconnected life of Miss Palmer, her parents, her bad colds, her professional engagements and a trip to America. I have searched in vain for some glimpse of the singer's and composer's daily existence during her long professional life (1854-86) but there is not one. Musicians of the period are mentioned, but they are mostly singers. The only interest that the book possesses for me lies in the references to the music they sang and how that music was received. So I have waded through page on page of "Judas Maccabæus", "Elijah", "S. Paul", "Messiah", "Lucia di Lammermoor" and a host of other operas and songs that are now as dead as Adam. Sims Reeves made his appearance as So-and-so in Such-and-such an opera of the late Macfarren; Hullah conducted "Judas" and the "Messiah"; Costa did the same at the Crystal Palace, raising the pitch until he drove the singers crazy. (It is curious, by the way, that in whatever book of reminiscences one chances on a reference to Costa it gives you the impression that he was a thoroughly inartistic adventurer and a gross bully who was accepted as a musician because he was a foreigner. The harm done by this man was as great as the good that might have been done had his power been in the hands of an artist.) The public, the conductors, the bandsmen, the singers—all were happy; and judging from the numerous newspaper cuttings quoted, so were the critics. Davison, Chorley and the others went gaily for a thousandth time to hear all the old oratorios—which were fine in their way, though one cannot for ever be listening to them to the exclusion of newer work; and they went just as gaily to hear the old-fashioned operas, which were fine in no

* "Musical Recollections." By Bessie Palmer. London: Walter Scott Publishing Co. 1904. 7s. 6d.

way whatever. Miss Palmer leaves it to be understood that all was well and cheerful and full of life; but to read a Chorley notice of a concert is like looking into a dusty death-chamber that has not been opened since the coffin was carried out. Alas! the gloom, the dirt, the hopelessness of it! Yet at that time Wagner, Liszt, Schumann and Berlioz were revolutionising the Continent.

Sir Edward Elgar is a composer to whom fuller justice should be done than my space allows. The Life of him* makes out anything but a good claim for him to be considered a daring musician plunging into the unknown in search of the new. Mr. Buckley, it is true, squanders his pages on repeating many times things that were not worth saying in the first instance; so we may perhaps presume that he has not left himself room enough to give us the heart of the matter. We are told at least fifty times that Elgar was his own teacher and a hundred times that it was by his own perseverance and energy that he won his present position. Granting all that—and I would have been willing to grant it without reading this book—what are the essential qualities in Elgar's music that entitle us to call it great? Mr. Buckley compares Elgar with Richard Strauss as an orchestral colourist, which may well be; he places him with Bach and Wagner as a polyphonist, which it is a trifle early in the day to say. There is nothing young and fresh in the "Dream of Gerontius" or "The Apostles", and the Coronation was a beggarly production. In truth Elgar seems no more an original composer than a dozen other men who had their hour and were knighted; he is vainly trying to galvanise that obsolete form the oratorio; and in proclaiming him the English musical messiah Mr. Buckley is simply playing the reactionary's game. And finally Sir Edward Elgar should pray to be preserved from the friends who repeat on his behalf the stale old lie, told about every musician who has no dramatic ability, that only his fastidiousness prevents him finding an opera libretto. Nonsense: it is not fastidiousness but lack of dramatic power that prevents composers finding librettos. If Sir Edward Elgar felt the inner need to write an opera he would have found a subject ere now. Besides, a musician who is content with such threadbare themes as "The Black Knight", "King Olaf", "Lux Christi" and "The Apostles" cannot justly be accused of over-fastidiousness.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

MR. TREE'S PANTOMIME.

MR. TREE has followed a common tendency to anticipate dates in producing his Christmas pantomime in September. There is no reason why he should not. It is only habit that connects this form of entertainment with Christmas, for a good pantomime is assuredly seasonable at any time. In constructing his pantomime Mr. Tree has gone far. Unfortunately he has not gone quite far enough. He has given us, it is true, all the elements that we have a right to expect such as gorgeous transformation scenes, fairies, elves, goblins, monsters, ballets and so forth, but he has neglected to apply the like transforming process to all the characters of the play with a result that is somewhat bewildering both to players and playgoers. Take Prospero for instance—that ultra—"heavy" father. Mr. Arthur Collins could, I feel sure, have made an admirable pantomime figure out of him, with his pomposity, his magic wand and necromantic outfit. He should have had two or three topical songs to sing, preferably on the war and the Beck case, and he would have come in admirably as harlequin at the end. As it is he is merely a tedious bore for whom we share Caliban's dislike. The brief and rapid love-making of Miranda and Ferdinand, although taken a little too solemnly, strikes the right note, while Ariel with the glittering wings and the wire plainly visible to aid her flight is a figure without whom no pantomime would be complete. In his conception of Caliban Mr. Tree upholds for the most part what the "Daily

Telegraph" would call "the best traditions of pantomime". He is a wondrous hairy monster with fearsome fangs, wild glaring eyes and crouching body. His mission is to exercise the fascination of repulsion, to arouse laughter, it is true; but laughter tempered by a suggestion of the awe that sends cold shivers down the back. In the scene with Trinculo and Stephano, especially in the Bacchanalian dance with which it ends, Mr. Tree is superb. It is only at the end of the piece that he introduces quite a new note of pathos which seems out of harmony with the conception.

It appears from the admirable programme which Mr. Tree presents to every member of the audience that John Kemble, playing the part of Prospero, in the delivery of the lines

"I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches—make thee roar"

insisted on pronouncing "aches" as a word of two syllables, thereby drawing upon himself the scorn of the critics. Mr. Kemble, however, refused to accept any correction and finally ended by withdrawing the lines altogether. "One is led"—says Mr. Tree in comment—"to think that Mr. Kemble took himself and his critics too seriously". Mr. Tree, I am assured, will fall into no such error. But perhaps he will allow me as one who can claim neither to be a "born" nor a "made" playgoer (to adopt the antithesis of Mr. Max Beerbohm) to offer the suggestion that he should make up his mind definitely as to the status of the play he has produced. He should either endow it with the attributes of modern pantomime and play it as such for all he is worth, heedless of the outcries of Shakespearean students, or he should play it as poetical comedy and weave round it an atmosphere of glamour and enchantment. As it stands at present there is no unity of tone about the production. The actors seem to have interpreted the play each according to his own caprice.

Mr. Tree claims to present "The Tempest" in such a manner as to appeal both to the student and the playgoer. I do not think he has been successful. The "serious playgoer", that dour person who reads up his play religiously before the performance and tries to follow the lines by the aid of a volume of the Temple Classics bound in limp cloth, will be shocked at the "modernity" of the whole thing, while the ordinary playgoer enjoying the gorgeous spectacle will be bored to the verge of tears by some of the lengthy speeches. If Shakespeare were alive now he would probably be quite ready to lend a hand in rigorously cutting what is dull and unnecessary in "The Tempest" and transforming the play into a fantastic pantomime.

Three impressions of the performance at His Majesty's stand out vividly—the agility of Mr. Tree, the excellence of the shipwreck and the triumph of Cupid. The tiny love god, whose name does not appear on the playbills, was, indeed, the success of the evening. He was the chief figure in the children's ballet designed by Mr. Tree. In fairyland it is illegal, we are told, to kiss without a marriage certificate, so when the sunburnt sickle-men attempt to embrace the sedge-crowned nymphs there is trouble, until the Rev. Master Cupid appears on the scene with bow and arrows and a plentiful supply of wedding-rings. It is a pleasantly designed little interlude and Cupid with his slim, lithe body and rare unconscious grace lives in the memory as a veritable incarnation of the God of Love. And the shipwreck! Well everyone knows how silly and futile these stage effects can be, but at His Majesty's the impression was perfect. An old playgoer who sat a short distance from me was roused to such a pitch of emotion by the spectacle that he was unable to keep his seat. He feared that the ship might at any instant be cast up on the audience. And indeed the shipwreck was realistic enough even for the most unimaginative playgoer. After the elemental fury of the storm came Caliban, himself the figure of elemental man. It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Tree's rendering was clever. What impressed me most was his agility. If Mr. Tree had not been a great actor-manager he might have been a great acrobat.

Of the other players, Miss Norah Kerin, whose name I have not heard previously, has a certain gentle

* "Sir Edward Elgar," By Robert J. Buckley. London: John Lane, 1904. 2s. 6d. net.

charm, but she is a little too lavish of her smiles. Mr. William Haviland is very painstaking and speaks his lines with force and dignity although he is somewhat monotonous. Mr. Basil Gill looked handsome and sincere as Ferdinand and Mr. Lionel Brough fooled it boisterously as Trinculo. As Ariel Miss Viola Tree had the greatest chance of distinction. It was her "show". Unfortunately neither her physique, presence nor manner fits her for the part of an airy spirit. She over-elaborated every gesture and movement, and was frequently obtrusive where she should have been merely elf-like and suggestive. She worked hard and combated successfully a nervousness which in the early scenes gave her voice a false sound. But I do not think she could ever "realise" Ariel effectively.

A. E. MANNING FOSTER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SPOILING OF ENGLISH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hilltop House, Brenchley, 4 September.

SIR,—Is your correspondent "An Angry Man" quite sure that the practice of writing "It don't" is a sin against grammar? Is it not rather a slovenly way of pronouncing "does not", which has arisen much as "shan't" and "won't" from "shall not" and "will not"? Swift grumbled at these. (Int. to "Polite Conversation".) But he does not call them "kitchen English". He spells "the words in the very same manner as they are pronounced by the chief patterns of politeness at Court, at levees", &c., "by young templars and by gentlemen commoners of both universities who have 'kept the best company'".

Thackeray and Trollope are good enough authorities, one would suppose, for the conversation of the "educated" of their time. And for reporting conversation as it was they cannot be blamed. To do otherwise is, as Goldsmith said, "to make little fishes talk like whales". Did they write "it don't" in their own person?

Praed has two examples. In the "Letter of Advice":

"If he ever sets foot in the city
Among the stockbrokers and Jews;
If he has not a heart full of pity,
If he don't stand six feet in his shoes."

It may be said that "If he do not" is here correct; but then why not "set", "have", &c., throughout? The second example from "Our Ball" admits of no doubt:

"Your cravat is badly selected,
Your coat don't become you at all;
And why is your hair so neglected?
You must have it curled for our ball."

Praed surely knew the dialect of his own set.

Far from being "kitchen," "it don't" is dandyish and, if it has reached the basement, was not "imported from America", but came down with the dinner things from upstairs.

If it were a grammatical error why do no "educated" people say "it do"?

Yours &c.

CECIL S. KENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

13 September, 1904.

SIR,—Might I venture to draw attention to the curious meaning now too frequently given to the word negotiate? We know that strife is often followed by negotiation, but some of our speakers and writers actually negotiate while striving. And no second party to the transaction is required. A friend, explaining to me recently his feat of scrambling up a steep Highland crag, remarked that he negotiated it. A witness in his evidence the other day concerning a motor accident said that if a hind wheel had not collapsed he would have negotiated the fatal corner. In the latest *Life* of Wellington, the author, describing the wild charge of our light dragoons at Talavera, goes on to state that, declining to be stopped in their career by a yawn-

ing ditch, "they negotiated the obstacle with a scramble that broke all their order".

Surely no purpose ornamental or useful can be served by this unwarranted extension of the sense of a familiar word. Do the spoilers of English negotiate the English dictionary?

Yours faithfully,

W. FORBES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Wigwam, Wortham, Diss, 11 Sept. 1904.

SIR,—“Avocations” and “reliable” should be noted as threatening to “confound the language of the nation”. Dr. Trench and Dr. Alford pointed out—some fifty years ago—that avocations are distractions and interruptions which call one away from the proper pursuits of one’s vocation. Yet now speakers and writers of all ranks and degrees write and speak of a person’s avocations when they mean the employments duties and occupations pertaining to a person’s professional calling. Another dean—Dr. Stanley—is said to have claimed the credit of having persuaded Mr. Gladstone to refrain from describing persons or things as “reliable”—when he meant to say that reliance could be placed upon them.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

E. T. FRERE.

[Negotiate, in the sense Mr. Forbes refers to, is revolting: many “Americanisms” are good old Anglo-Saxon, as the speech of the English peasantry shows, but this negotiate, we believe, is really transatlantic in origin. Trench undoubtedly had a great sense of the genius of the English language, but it may be fatal to one’s peace of mind to read much of Alford. Who ever punctuated, in the matter of colon and semicolon, according to his nice direction?—

“He settled Hoti’s business—let it be!—

Properly based Oun—

Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic De,
Dead from the waist down.”—ED. S.R.]

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In reply to your call upon me to indicate the difference between “peruse” and “read”, may I say that I chose “peruse” to avoid tautology, especially as the word “read” would not have exactly the same meaning in each of the two cases? “Read” is one of those numerous words in the English language which have not a precise meaning apart from the context. Thus, “I read a paper”, followed by “in my study”, has quite a different meaning when followed by “before the society”. In the latter case it signifies, I wrote a paper which I (or my deputy) read aloud before the society.

As I am writing to you may I venture to question whether the term “inelegant” be sufficiently severe to apply to such language as—he do like his beer? I constantly hear “I aren’t” used, to avoid, I suppose, the vulgarity or inelegance of “I ain’t”. I saw “I aren’t” in the pages of a novel the other day. I am afraid a successful campaign against inelegancies is hopeless. It is the gross grammatical blunder that is the enemy. Nine persons out of ten will say “It’s her or him”. The great majority say “lay” when they should say “lie”. Hardly a single sailor that does not talk about “laying” at anchor or “laying to”. Often he will defend these as “nautical terms”, though obviously the error has originated with common seamen. Miners, too, talk of “underlaying” and “the underlay”, and tell you they are “mining terms”. The vast majority believe that what they see in print is correct; therefore the author or editor who allows gross grammatical blunders to be printed in any work for which he is responsible deserves—We cannot prevent people talking bad grammar, but by unitedly trouncing unsparingly and untiringly those who print it we might possibly preserve at least the grammatical purity of the English language.

Your obedient servant,

AN ANGRY MAN

SCOTT AND KEBLE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cambridge, 11 September, 1904.

SIR,—In reply to De S.'s question, I write to say that "The Lord of the Isles", where the quotation from Scott occurs, was first published, as stated in the National Dictionary of Biography, in January, 1815. According to the same authority Keble began to write the hymns which afterwards appeared in "The Christian Year" in 1819, showed them privately to friends in 1823, and published them anonymously in 1827.

In the stanza of Keble quoted (from the hymn for S. Luke's Day in "The Christian Year") your correspondent has omitted a word in the second line, which should run:—

"A random shaft in season sent."

M. A. C.

THE LAW'S DELAY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

13 September, 1904.

SIR,—It must be extremely gratifying to law reformers to know that the cause they have so much at heart is not forgotten by enlightened lawyers even during the Long Vacation, and this is my reason for calling your attention to an able, though somewhat long and laboured letter on this subject, published in the current number of the "Law Journal".

In that letter Mr. F. K. Munton, a retired solicitor ("except in isolated matters"), informs us that he has at last succeeded in inducing the authorities to adopt his views of the public needs in respect of "the law's delay"—so far at least as Nisi Prius business is concerned—by reforming—the Cause Lists!

Mr. Munton, it is true, does not claim that his reformed Cause Lists will prevent the delays which, "under our present time-honoured legal system" (with its venerable but unbusinesslike circuit system, and its many superfluous interlocutory proceedings) cannot of course be avoided. All he claims is that he has secured "a delay certain" instead of "an uncertain delay", and that "a delay certain" is all that the public requires. Whether that is indeed the case time will prove. Anyhow, I think that great praise is due to a lawyer who, during the Long Vacation, shows such an earnest desire to keep our legal system up to date with the requirements of modern intelligence, and in harmony with that spirit of progress which animates all other branches of human affairs.

But the public, unfortunately, complain of the dearth of the law, even more than of its delays, and will doubtless be anxious to know what remedy for this undoubted grievance will be proposed by a law-reformer so zealous and sympathetic as Mr. F. K. Munton. Qui vivra verra.

Yours obediently,

A LAYMAN.

CHARITY VOTING REFORM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

York, 12 September, 1904.

SIR,—The great difficulty in this direction is generally due to the fact that the mode of voting is a part of the constitution of the particular charity; the question must therefore come before a general meeting of the members; and the committee, to whom the voting on a reformed system must almost necessarily be transferred, naturally hesitate to propose the reform which is obviously most desirable.

May I therefore state our experience during forty years or more?

At the annual meeting of the Yorkshire School for the Blind (founded in 1833 in memory of William Wilberforce) it has been the custom year by year to place the election of pupils in the hands of our committee for the ensuing twelve months. The constitution remains undisturbed. The governors adopted this as

an experiment and they have never regretted it; but, at the end of the current year, the authority thus transferred may cease to be exercised by the committee to whom, for the time only, it is deputed. I venture to say that the good results we have experienced may be enjoyed by any other institution.

Yours obediently,

THE HON. SECRETARY.

FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wick Court, near Bristol, 14 Sept. 1904.

SIR,—I have been for some time trying to worry out the meanings of the words "free trade" and "protection". So far as I can discover the words are used commonly in relation to international not internal trade. And the nearest definition I can find for free trade is:—International trade free from protective or discriminative duties.

But when considering the arguments adduced in favour of free trade or protection I am met by a great difficulty. I venture therefore to put the following question to you and should be most profoundly thankful for a definite answer. You will understand I am simply searching for a satisfactory definition of "free trade".

My question is this:—Certain foreign countries make Englishmen who export certain things to them pay certain taxes. If England made those foreigners who exported the same things to England pay the same tax would this be "free trade"?

In such a case English and foreign exporters would be trading with no discriminative duties. They would trade on an equality. On the other hand should English exporters have to pay this tax and foreign exporters to England not have to pay this tax, there would be a discriminative duty in operation. There would not be equality or freedom of trade. Can you tell me in which case "free trade" would exist?

Your obedient servant,

F. C. CONSTABLE.

CRACKERS IN THE ABBEY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 September.

SIR,—The atrocious attempt at Westminster Abbey will have its uses if it shows the public that dangerous elements of murderous fanaticism still lurk beneath the seeming respectability of extreme Puritanism. The miscreant responsible for the outrage had not the hardihood of Felton or of the assassins of Archbishop Sharpe, but he was certainly imbued with some criminal passions. One of the curious facts about the affair is that of recent days the pulpit of Westminster Abbey has been unduly tender to dissenting susceptibilities. The hatred felt by our modern Balfours of Burleigh for the Prayer book is too logical to be appeased by sermons in favour of dissenting order or even by the presence of two live Westminster Canons at a City Temple luncheon.

Yours faithfully,

P. J. A.

DR. WILLIAM OSLER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Baltimore, Maryland, 3 Sept. 1904.

SIR,—In your issue of August 20 you speak of Dr. William Osler, lately appointed regius professor of medicine at Oxford, as having held a "like position in Toronto and Philadelphia". You fail to mention that for nearly twenty years he has been at the Johns Hopkins Hospital of this city.

As it is one of the most famous hospitals in the world, and as Dr. Osler has won his greatest reputation here, your omission seems rather curious.

Yours truly,

E. C.

REVIEWS.

THE OLD AND THE NEW SWINBURNE.

"A Channel Passage, and other Poems." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Chatto and Windus. 1904. 7s.

"The Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne." Vol. II.: "Songs before Sunrise" and "Songs of Two Nations." London: Chatto and Windus. 1904. 6s. net.

READING the earlier and the later Swinburne on a high rock around which the sea is washing, one is struck by the way in which these cadences, in their unending, ever-varying flow, seem to harmonise with the rhythm of the sea. Here one finds, at least, and it is a great thing to find, a rhythm inherent in nature. A mean, or merely bookish, rhythm is rebuked by the sea, as a trivial or insincere thought is rebuked by the stars. "We are what suns and winds and waters make us", as Landor knew: the whole essence of Swinburne seems to be made by the rush and soft flowing impetus of the sea. The sea has passed into his blood like a passion and into his verse like a transfiguring element. It is actually the last word of many of his poems, and it is the first and last word of his poetry.

He does not make pictures, for he does not see the visible world without an emotion which troubles his sight. He sees as through a cloud of rapture. Sight is to him a transfiguring thrill, and his record of things seen is clouded over with shining words and broken into little separate shafts and splinters of light. He has, still, undimmed, the child's awakenings to wonder, love, reverence, the sense of beauty in every sensation. He has the essentially lyric quality, joy, in almost unparalleled abundance. There is for him no tedium in things, because, to his sense, books catch up and continue the delights of nature, and with books and nature he has all that he needs for a continual inner communing.

In this new book there are poems of nature, poems of the sea, the lake, the high oaks, the hawthorn, a rosary, Northumberland; and there are poems of books, poems about Burns, Christina Rossetti, Rabelais, Dumas, and about Shakespeare and his circle. In all the poems about books in this volume there is excellent characterisation, excellent criticism, and in the ode to Burns a very notable discrimination of the greater Burns, not the Burns of the love-poems but the fighter, the satirist, the poet of strenuous laughter.

"But love and wine were moon and sun
For many a fame long since undone,
And sorrow and joy have lost and won
By stormy turns
As many a singer's soul, if none
More bright than Burns.

And sweeter far in grief and mirth
Have songs as glad and sad of birth
Found voice to speak of wealth or dearth
In joy of life:
But never song took fire from earth
More strong for strife.

Above the storms of praise and blame
That blur with mist his lustrous name,
His thunderous laughter went and came,
And lives and flies;
The war that follows on the flame
When lightning dies."

Here the homage is given with splendid energy, but with fine justice. There are other poems of homage in this book, along with denunciations, as there are on so many pages of the "Songs before Sunrise" and the "Songs of Two Nations", in which the effect is far less convincing, as it is far less clear. Whether Mazzini or Nelson be praised, Napoleon III. or Gladstone be buffeted, little distinction, save of degree, can be discerned between the one and the other. The hate poems, it must be admitted, are more interesting, partly because they are more distinguishable, than the poems of adoration; for hate seizes upon the lineaments which love glorifies

willingly out of recognition. There was a finely ferocious energy in the "Dirae" ending with "The Descent into Hell" of 9 January, 1873, and there is a good swinging and slashing vigour in "The Commonwealth" of 1886. Why is it that this deeply felt political verse, like so much of the political verse of the "Songs before Sunrise", does not satisfy the ear or the mind like the early love poetry or the later nature poetry? Is it not that one distinguishes only a voice, not a personality behind the voice? Speech needs weight, though song only needs wings.

"I set the trumpet to my lips and blow",

said Swinburne in the "Songs before Sunrise", when he was the trumpeter of Mazzini.

And yet, it must be remembered, Swinburne has always meant exactly what he has said, and this fact points an amusing contrast between the attitude of the critics thirty years ago towards work which was then new and their attitude now towards the same work when it is thirty years old. There is, in the "Songs before Sunrise", an arraignment of Christianity as deliberate as Leconte de Lisle's, as wholesale as Nietzsche's; in the "Poems and Ballads", a learned sensuality without parallel in English poetry; and the critics, or the descendants of the critics, who, when these poems first appeared, could see nothing but these accidental qualities of substance, are now, thanks merely to the triumph of time, to the ease with which time forgets and forgives, able to take all such things for granted, and to acknowledge the genuine and essential qualities of lyric exaltation and generous love of liberty by which the poems exist, and have a right to exist, as poems. But when we are told that "Before a Crucifix" is a poem fundamentally reverent towards Christianity, and that "Anactoria" is an ascetic experiment in scholarship, a learned attempt at the reconstruction of the order of Sappho, it is difficult not to wonder with what kind of smile the writer of these poems reflects anew over the curiosities of criticism. We have taken the new book and the old book together, because there is surprisingly little difference between the form and manner of the old poems and the new. The contents of "A Channel Passage" are unusually varied in subject, and the longest poem, "The Altar of Righteousness", a marvellous piece of rhythmical architecture, is unusually varied in form. Technically the whole book shows Swinburne at his best; if, indeed, he may ever be said not to be at his best, technically. Is there any other instance in our literature of a perfection of technique so unerring, so uniform, that it becomes actually fatiguing? It has often foolishly been said that the dazzling brilliance of Swinburne's form is apt to disguise a certain thinness or poverty of substance. It seems to us, on the contrary, that we are often in danger of overlooking the imaginative subtlety of phrases and epithets which are presented to us and withdrawn from us in a flash, on the turn of a wave. Most poets present us with their best effects deliberately, giving them as weighty an accent as they can; Swinburne scatters them by the way. Take, for instance, the line:

"The might of the night subsided: the tyranny
Kindled in darkness fell."

The line comes rearing like a wave, and has fallen and raced past us before we have properly grasped what is imaginatively fine in the latter clause. Presented to us in the manner of slower poets, thus:

"The tyranny
Kindled in darkness fell",

how much more easily do we realise the quality of the speech which goes to make this song.

And yet there is no doubt that Swinburne has made his own moulds of language, as he has made his own moulds of rhythm, and that he is apt, when a thought or a sensation which he has already expressed recurs to him, to use the mould which stands ready made in his memory, instead of creating language over again, to fit a hair's-breadth of difference in the form of thought or sensation. That is why, in this book, in translating a "rondel" of Villon which Rossetti had already translated, he misses the naïve quality of the French which

Rossetti, in a version not in all points so faithful as this, had been able, in some subtle way, to retain. His own moulds of language recur to him, and he will not stop to think that "wife", though a good word for his rhyme scheme, is not a word that Villon could have used, and that

"Deux estions et n'avions qu'ung cuer",

though it is perfectly rendered by Rossetti in

"Two we were and the heart was one",

is turned into a wholly different, a Swinburnian thing, by

"Twain we were, and our hearts one song,
One heart".

Nor is "Dead as the carver's figured throng" (for "Comme les images, par cuer") either clear in meaning, or characteristic of Villon in form. Is it not one of the penalties of extreme technical ability that the hand at times works, as it were, blindly, without the delicate vigilance or direction of the brain?

Of the poems contained in this new volume, the title-poem, "A Channel Passage", is perhaps the finest. It is the record of a memory fifty years old, and it is filled with a passionate ecstasy in the recollection of

"Three glad hours, and it seemed not an hour of
supreme and supernal joy,
Filled full with delight that revives in remembrance
a sea-bird's heart in a boy".

It may be that Swinburne has praised the sea more eloquently, or sung of it more melodiously, but not in the whole of his works is there a poem fuller of personal rapture in the communion of body and soul with the very soul of the sea in storm. "The Lake of Gaube" is remarkable for an exultant and very definite and direct rendering of the sensation of a dive through deep water. There are other sea-poems in the two brief and concentrated poems in honour of Nelson; the most delicate of the poems of flowers in "A Rosary"; the most passionate and memorable of the political poems in "Russia: an Ode"; a noble honouring of Voltaire and an engaging tribute to Dumas; some baby poems by way of specimen; the Elizabethan prologues; and, longer than any other poem in the book, "The Altar of Righteousness", which is at once an argument and an ecstasy, an ecstasy of mere reason. These poems, so varied in subject and manner, are the work of many years; to those who love Swinburne most as a lyric poet they will come with special delight, for they represent, in almost absolute equality, almost every side of his dazzling and unique lyric genius.

RUSSIA AS IT IS NOT.

"Russia as it Really Is." By Carl Joubert. London: Nash. 1904. 7s. 6d.

IF we may judge by the mere quantity of books upon Russia and her people, published of late in England, nothing is easier than to write upon this subject. Yet when we analyse the quality of the information contained in these voluminous works, it would seem a matter of peculiar difficulty for outsiders rightly to understand the Muscovite character and point of view. The heterogeneous people that constitute this great Slav country differ so essentially in life and mode of thought from other Europeans, that it is well nigh impossible and certainly unfair to judge the Russians and their institutions by the standard of Western ideas. Mr. Carl Joubert tells us that he lived for nine years in Russia, during which period he visited every government in the empire, and that he speaks "Russian with almost greater facility than English". With extensive experiences and linguistic knowledge such as these before us we are a trifle surprised to learn that the ordinary German sausage sold in shops and known as kolbassâ, and not kolbash as our author terms it, is a Russian dish prepared at home by the family cook; that chorosho povidenias is correct Russian and is the name for a passport; that the word droshka in the singular is also correct Russian, and that a particularly flimsy vehicle of this description is used for such rough

travelling as a journey from Yaroslav to Tomsk, a distance of several hundred miles; that Russians are in the habit of reading the list of arrivals at S. Petersburg hotels in the Paris edition of the "New York Herald"; that by pinning a five-rouble note to your passport and handing it to a gendarme (sic) at the frontier, you may get your luggage passed unopened through the Custom House, albeit the latter is quite a distinct and separate department; that the Governor of Moscow invites strangers to dine with him at a first interview on the strength of an introductory letter from an excommunicated doctor of medicine, and so on. Let us grant however that these and other errors of a similar nature throughout the book are but trivial slips and proceed to graver issues. From Russia herself, Mr. Joubert assures us, we can get no word of truth. "The traveller can only give us the outward and visible sign." Of what? is the natural question. Of "naked truth" is Mr. Joubert's answer. For the nonce, then, we are dependent upon this gentleman to tell us the naked truth about Holy Russia. He opens his storehouse of truths with a bitterly sarcastic chapter upon the "Holy Tsar". This latter appellation he assures us is one of the many titles of the Emperor of Russia, and so is "Zembla Bogh"—the God on Earth. Zembla Bogh not being Russian either grammatically or colloquially, the frequent use of this expression throughout Mr. Joubert's pages does not add to their local colour or inspire one with too much confidence in his naked truths. History again would seem to be no landmark for him in the treatment of his subject, since he makes the delightfully novel statement that the present Tsar is descended from a robber: "Mark the majesty of his descent. As the Mikados of Japan can boast direct descent from the 'God of the Sun', so can Nicholas II. Tsar of all the Russias and 'God on Earth' trace back his line to Romanoff. Now Romanoff was a robber."

From the Tsar Mr. Joubert passes to the "Holy Church" of Russia. The Orthodox Russian Church, with all its faults and superstitions, in which it is not alone among other Churches of the world, has one great attribute. By its very universality, it undeniably unites into one brotherhood the whole people of the second largest empire in the world, and cements family ties closer in mutual affection than does any other Church in existence. It makes all its members, from the Tsar to the humblest peasant, feel equal in God's sight, and the ringing of its bells, the deep harmonies of its ritual can gladden the heart of the pravoslavnyi (Orthodox) of Russia in Europe, or even in the uttermost confines of Siberia. Mr. Joubert ignores all these vital points, and bestows nothing but wholesale condemnation upon a national Church which he sums up as being established and standing firm "upon the solid foundations of superstition and ignorance—two rocks on which the lapse of centuries has left no traces in Russia, for they are carefully preserved in darkness for the purposes of the 'Zembla Bogh' . . .".

The Russian law courts occupy a good deal of Mr. Joubert's attention. He begins by sweeping aside the Mirovoy Sud (Justice of the Peace Court) and the Mirovoy Syezd (Council of Magistrates) as "courts conducted by one or more judges whose 'price' he informs us "varies from a hundred to a thousand roubles". He thus describes the Okruzhnoi Sud (Supreme Court): "In this court there is trial by jury, and a full bench of judges attended by advocates and counsel. After the lawyers are through with their arguments, the judges retire to deliberate—and for other purposes. On the return of the judges to court, I have frequently seen them drunk; one learned brother supporting his neighbour to his seat on the bench. A verdict in this court costs some thousands of roubles. The jury, who are drawn from all classes, are for the most part uneducated men. They have no say in the verdict, which has probably been paid for some weeks before the trial. But they have other matters to occupy them in court, matters which touch them more closely than the doings and affairs of other men. . . . Anon, first one and then the other begins to fidget uneasily, to work his shoulders, to rub his knees together. And then, with twitching fingers, one seizes his leg, and, unable to bear the torture longer, indulges in a luxurious

scratch. The others gain courage by his example, and soon they all fall to scratching. The warmth of the court house has roused their enemies to activity; and neither for the judge, nor for the icon, nor even for the picture of the 'God on Earth' himself will they show any respect." The present reviewer is bound to state that during the whole term of his ten years' practice at the Russian law courts, where besides fulfilling the duties of an everyday pleader, he had on one occasion to figure as the accused—he never once witnessed any behaviour approaching the above scene, as described by Mr. Joubert. Nor did he ever hear of backsheesh being accepted by judge or magistrate. Russia is usually considered to be the most uncommercial of modern nations. But if we are to pin our faith to the naked truths of our informant, money is the chief subject of Russian conversation, and the "substantial silver rouble" (the value of which, we must presume, is half a dollar) is a supreme power soaring high above the puny sceptre of the "God on Earth". At most of the social functions attended by Mr. Joubert whilst in Russia, it was customary, as far as we can gather, for all the guests but himself to become hopelessly drunk. "The Russian aristocracy are like cloven-footed pigs gulping down the wash prepared for them and taking savage vengeance on the empty trough". . . . He vouches to being an eye-witness of a certain company's piggishness in dashing their empty glasses to the ground, as honouring a particular toast, and "when they could drink no more, the host advanced unsteadily towards the table, and seizing the cloth at one end, swept everything on the floor". Truly a picture worthy the notice of an understudy in "David Garrick".

In a chapter devoted to Russian literature and the Censor we find nothing new, except one announcement as startling in its way as the remark already alluded to, concerning the descent of the Romanovs. For according to Mr. Joubert, Maxim Gorki, the foremost of Russia's writers of the younger generation, is "a man of scarcely any education, and unable to use more than 200 words of his savage Russian language". Also, if we are to believe Mr. Joubert, Leo Tolstoy, like the silver rouble, has an authority far above the power of "the God on Earth", since the veteran author can suddenly appear in a law court, and order the judge in the most discourteous language to release a prisoner, whose offence had been committed on his (Tolstoy's) instructions. Some fifty pages upon the Jews in Russia remind us curiously of a book upon the modern Jew by Mr. Arnold White, which came out, if we remember rightly, in 1899. Whilst Mr. Joubert so ruthlessly condemns the Orthodox faith of the Russians—whose Church, as we have tried to show, is the bulwark against schism and disintegration in national unity—he yet can eulogise the "One-Church" religion of the Jews, maintaining it to be a bond holding them together all over the world. Their faith, he declares, is the power that enables them, whilst spreading over distant territories, to remain always distinctly and unquestionably a nation.

So much for the presumably serious portion of Mr. Joubert's volume. The remainder, occupying rather more than half the volume, consists of a sensational account somewhat à la Jules Verne of an heroic journey by the author all over Siberia in search of a Russian student, banished from the Moscow University for riotous instigation. Tales of the kind are tolerably familiar in foreign juvenile literature dealing with Siberia. The plot too has been dragged on to the melodramatic stage fairly often. Prisoners clanking in chains, and brutal jailors furious with vodka, figure largely in Mr. Joubert's incidental scenery, but nevertheless with the aid of an opportune subterranean passage, and 40,000 roubles dispensed lavishly in various directions, he appears to have had a tolerably easy task. Not only did he rescue his student friend, but also triumphantly assisted two of the latter's companions in exile to cross the frontier. The specious title of this book, the undoubtedly popular and graphic style in which it is put together, and its excellent print will possibly obtain for it considerable vogue. Should it reach a second edition the volume, with a slight change of title, could easily take its place amongst much entertaining fiction of an analogous type, suitable to while away a tedious hour in a railway carriage.

IRISH HISTORY.

"History of Ireland. Vol. I. From the Earliest Times to the Year 1547." By the Rev. E. A. D'Alton. With a Preface by the Most Rev. John Healy, Archbishop of Tuam. Dublin: Sealy Bryers and Walker. 10s.

"Studies in Irish History, 1649-1775: being a Course of Lectures delivered before the Irish Literary Society of London." Dublin, Belfast and Cork: Browne and Nolan. London: Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.

READERS of John Richard Green's letters will remember that before his "Short History" was planned, he had some thoughts of writing a history of Ireland. He seems to have been deterred partly by the impossibility of mastering the early period without a thorough knowledge of Gaelic, partly by the depression which a study of the later story induced. "It is difficult, if not impossible", writes Dr. Healy, "to find a really good history of our country". Most of the books on the subject are written with a direct political purpose. For the most disquieting features in recent political activity a whole class of Irish writers is always anxious to find justification in the distant past: for the unsatisfactory condition of the country other writers eagerly seek a cause in the defects of the national character as shown through the centuries. So as a rule the eulogist of Owen Roe O'Neill has probably one eye on Parnell's career, while he who takes the middle ages for his theme cannot forget that without Strongbow there had been no Castlereagh. But apart from political prejudices, most writers on Irish history have known little of any other, while competent students of Weltpolitik have not been attracted by the stormy records of a small island which, except for brief moments, lay outside the circle of European affairs. So it is that a subject well worth serious study has been too often left to the partisan or the parochially-minded.

The story, it is true, brings little satisfaction to Englishman or Irishman: the tragedy is vested in sordid trappings. Yet it were well that Irishmen should read it to learn facts rather than to seek precise reasons for the vague enmity that so often obsesses them, that Englishmen should read it, if only because without it they miss much of the meaning of their own development. It is very largely past politics: therefore, because it is politics, Irishmen study it with excitement; because it is past, Englishmen shun it.

One good effect of the very striking recent movement in Ireland which may generally be described as the Gaelic revival, is that the popular attention is being turned for the first time to the pre-controversial period. Instead of being content to rant about an Isle of Saints laid desolate by Norman wolves or Saxon oppressors, young Ireland seriously desires to learn the truth about the native Celtic civilisation. To approach Anglo-Irish relations with a knowledge of the pre-Norman period, instead of a mere sentiment about the eighteenth-century penal laws, may lead to a much more intelligent appreciation of the intermediate centuries. Irish popular history is as uncritical as American popular oratory, with which it has much in common. The ordinary man cannot read of devastations and massacres in the middle ages without picturing them as headlines in a halfpenny paper. Even if he does not distort the facts, he takes them out of their setting. If some barbarity was committed in Ireland, he never asks himself what was going on at the time in England or France. So some necessary concomitant of, it may be, feudal anarchy, or it may be religious wars, becomes in Ireland a unique horror.

The Reformation period is the pivot of Irish history, and the subsequent religious feuds are too often read backwards into the mediæval time. Because Cromwell was a Protestant, Strongbow is popularly supposed to have been little better. It is therefore interesting to compare two recent books, one a history of Ireland before the Reformation, the other a series of essays on the century in which the religious division was most powerful for harm. The Gael for the most part refused to accept the reformed doctrines, hence to-day we find the mischievous fallacy that every Roman Catholic is a Gael and every Protestant a Saxon. The truth of

course is that a large proportion of the English planted in Ireland have become Roman Catholic, while the heads of some of the most ancient Irish houses belong to the "foreign" Church. From the popular errors Father D'Alton is completely free. He judges the middle ages to the best of his power on their own merits, and realises (unlike some controversialists who will have the famous Bull of Adrian a forgery because they think all good Catholics should be Home Rulers) that Henry II. professed to bring an eccentric island within the pale of orthodoxy, although in fact the Irish Church of his day was falsely accused of heresy. We are not sure how fully he understands that the "Conquest" was as purely Norman as was that of England a century earlier, and that it was the course of events in France that made Ireland a possession of England instead of leaving both countries provinces of an Angevin Empire. The story of Ireland for some four centuries from the visit of Henry II. is little better than a series of tribal wars, but of these Father D'Alton gives a clear and accurate summary, doing justice to the one foreign invader, Edward Bruce, who might have built up a real Kelto-Norman nation had the Irish clans chosen to support him. It is significant that his brother Robert in Scotland got little help from the Highlanders. With the Tudors a definite policy began; they applied their hereditary knowledge of Wales to the affairs of another Keltic country, and their failure to win the Irish was due chiefly to the fact that the Pope and the King of Spain were quick to turn to account for political ends the new religious situation. Practically no ideal of Irish nationality existed until the King of England had been branded as a heretic. Father D'Alton's narrative stops with the proclamation of Henry VIII. as King (instead of Lord) of Ireland, and the bestowal of high honours on the noblest Keltic and Kelto-Norman houses. In the subsequent volumes which we hope to see, the task will be far more difficult: the authorities are infinitely more copious, and questions on which he must necessarily entertain strong views become all-important.

His book is not fruitful in the generalisations which make history intelligible: though his narrative is clear and impartial, he has not the gift of picking out and emphasising the leading threads in a tangled web. In the earlier portions we have been disappointed: the book gives little more than a summary of his predecessors' work, and while the reader will find in it a good popular account of the conversion of Ireland and of the deeply interesting record of the early Keltic Church, which sent Columba to Scotland, and thereafter despatched its missionaries from the Tweed to the Apennines, little attempt is made to clear up the difficulties and obscurities that surround the career of S. Patrick. We should very much like to know what ground there is for describing the hereditary abbots of Armagh, the co-arbs of S. Patrick in the ninth century, as laymen; the Annals of the Four Masters (themselves clerics) do not seem to us to justify the assumption of recent Roman Catholic writers on this point, the controversial importance of which they over-rate.

It is unfortunate that a workman so careful within the sphere of his knowledge has made no attempt to keep abreast of modern ethnology. His account of prehistoric Ireland is simply a summary of the various Annals. He does not even seem to know that there are grounds for thinking the legendary Tuatha de Danann merely an euhemerisation of the early gods. There is real need of original work in this province: the peculiarity of Ireland is that she alone of European countries has preserved (in writings which are at least as old as the tenth century) what purports to be a detailed account of the pre-Keltic inhabitants, and that her prehistoric tombs and monuments are abundant. But Father D'Alton seems to stand very much where Gibbon stood in questions of European ethnology, and in archaeology for him Sir William Wilde has apparently said the last word. It is quite absurd to describe the ninth-century Danes as "the most brutal of savages". Since he chooses to rely so completely on the Annals, it is a pity that he did not include some account of them. Dr. Healy, a recognised authority, vouches for his knowledge of Gaelic, and he might have given his readers much useful information of a

kind which is not easily to be found except in the uncritical and somewhat inaccessible pages of O'Curry. From S. Patrick onwards he has evidently made a close if not always critical study of most of the printed authorities. But that is not enough for a final history of mediæval Ireland. We are glad, however, to acknowledge that the book may take a definite place as a useful guide which was needed, its conception and treatment being on an immeasurably higher plane than those of such writers as D'Arcy M'Gee, and other "popular historians".

We have left little space in which to mention the first publication of the Irish Literary Society of London. The choice of subjects may mislead the public as to the character of an excellent Society which has, in the face of considerable difficulties, maintained a non-political character. For between 1649 and 1775 there is little in which a Unionist can find pleasure. The essays have for the most part the obvious defects of papers read to a popular audience, a description which covers all of them except a clever but somewhat undergraduistic prize essay on the Sieges of Derry and Limerick by Mr. H. Mangan. The best historical work in the volume is to be found in the accounts of the reigns of Charles II. and James II. by Mr. Philip Wilson, whose want of urbanity somewhat impairs the effect of an astonishingly close acquaintance with the period. Mr. Stephen Gwynn's essay on Sarsfield is an excellent study of that brilliant Jacobite cavalry leader, particularly useful since the name of Sarsfield, unjustifiably ignored by English writers, has been unwarrantably appropriated by Irish factions whom that loyal gentleman and bold cavalry leader would have rejected with disgust. But the most sensational feature in an interesting if ill-balanced little book is Sir William Butler's lecture on Cromwell in Ireland. It is quite uncritical, since it denies remarkable military ability to the Protector. But it does bring out the very sound reasons which the old Irish families, whatever their views on current affairs, have for entertaining opinions on the character of Cromwell and his methods sometimes ignorantly supposed to be the peculiar possession of democratic Nationalists. We must however note with regret that a distinguished member of the Butler family can be flagrantly unjust to the great Lord Ormond.

A SOLDIER'S SOLDIER.

"The Life of Major-General Wauchope C.B. C.M.G. LL.D." By Sir George Douglas Bart. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1904. 10s. 6d.

THIS story of the life of a brave soldier and true Scots gentleman would, in our opinion, have been greatly improved had its dimensions been reduced by one half or even more. We feel it to be singularly inappropriate, a feeling which will be shared by not a few of General Wauchope's old friends, that his most trivial actions and sayings should be thus paraded before the world by a doubtless well-meaning but somewhat injudicious admirer. For it is certain that Wauchope was possessed of a superlative aversion from all publicity and ostentation, as is demonstrated over and again in the present volume. Hence it is that there is much in the book that could have been left out with great advantage and assuredly with no loss to the memory of Wauchope.

Evidently Sir George Douglas, despite his admiration and friendship for General Wauchope, was somehow unable to appreciate what was, after all, the mainspring of his conduct as a soldier and a gentleman. But we will let the author on this point speak for himself when he tells us, evidently with regretful surprise: "Mr. Kipling's books he did not like, objecting—I think from defective appreciation of the writer's intentions—to the tone in which the private soldier was there written of. It must be remembered that to Wauchope the private was a dear and sacred object, with whom no liberties must be taken; he even resented the use of the generic nickname 'Tommy'. His method and Mr. Kipling's were therefore different. . . ." It is unnecessary to reiterate what these differences were, beyond that Wauchope had an innate abhorrence of all vulgarity, and further,

belonged to one of the historic regiments, whose soldiers somehow fail to appreciate the peculiar charm of being dubbed "Tommies" by unthinking folk, who delight to copy any quasi-fashionable banality. Sir George Douglas however has obviously a cult peculiarly his own, for not content with Kipling as his chosen poet, he quotes Mr. Amery as his historian. His knowledge of contemporary military history is also at times original. Thus he informs us that the Bersaglieri are "the Italian cavalry corps that always moves at a gallop". Were such a fictitious corps to be found amid the ranks of the Italian army it might well account for the non-success of their cavalry arm in action. Since however the Black Watch are an infantry corps, we presume the author refers to the Italian foot soldiers known as Bersaglieri, who are trained like the French chasseurs-à-pied and some of our own light corps, to move at the double. To say that Wauchope in drilling his men in the light-infantry movements, as practised by our rifle and light-infantry regiments during the last hundred years, was "foreshadowing the formation now generally recommended" is however absurd. That he appreciated the advantage of the former over the obsolete formations and movements affected by the bulk of our army, would be a better way of putting it and less misleading to the general public.

Despite these and other excursions on the part of the author, those who read the book will be repaid by coming from time to time across portions which well set forth the "Andy Wauchope" as he was known to a host of comrades and devoted admirers who had shared in his adventures and dangers and recognised in him in the highest degree a true gentleman and a most gallant soldier, whose untimely death, alas, was, without doubt, one of the deplorable results of the Aldershot peace-training of our troops.

NOTES ON LONDON.

"The Story of London" (Mediaeval Towns Series). By Henry B. Wheatley. Illustrated by W. H. Godfrey, K. Kimball, H. Railton, &c. London: Dent. 1904. 4s. 6d. net.

THIS little volume is interesting and informing, and contains moreover evidences of original research as well as of able compilation from the works of other writers on London: but, unfortunately, it lacks that vivifying touch which comes alone from the imagination, and which, paradoxical as it may seem, is the historian's greatest gift, one without which all the erudition in the world counts for little. Mr. Wheatley acknowledges this deficiency in his preface, where he says:—"During the editing of this volume, a vivid picture of mediæval life has ever been before my mind, and I can only regret that it has been so difficult to transfer the picture to paper." The fact is Mr. Wheatley, in his anxiety to be strictly accurate, rarely gives rein to his fancy, and consequently his admirable work falls a trifle flat, a defect which mars nearly the whole of Mr. Dent's valuable series of "Mediaeval Towns", of which Count Lützwow's "Prague" and the one under review are perhaps the best. Despite its display of genuine learning, the little book is not, however, entirely free from a certain vagueness which is rather irritating. For instance, in the introduction we read:—"There are four parishes bearing the name of S. Olave in London, one of these churches is in Tooley Street which also preserves the name of S. Olave in a curiously altered form." Is the reader to understand that "Tooley" is really an "altered form" of "Olave"? If so, Mr. Wheatley would have done well had he traced the derivation more fully for the better enlightenment of the unlearned. With the exception of a few other sins of omission and commission it is quite remarkable how much sound information Mr. Wheatley has managed to crowd into so small a space. Starting with the Roman period of London, he passes in rapid review the Saxon, and then plunges right gallantly into the main subject of his labour, and gives us a brilliant panorama of Norman and Plantagenet London. Nothing better of its kind has been written for a long time than the inter-

esting chapter on "Health, Disease and Sanitation" in mediæval London, and the chapter headed "The Walled Town and its Streets" is also excellent. In the former chapter, Mr. Wheatley quotes a curious cure for smallpox which was used by John of Gaddesdon, Court Physician to Edward II. and Edward III., and is described by him in his treatise entitled "Rosa Anglica". The treatment is as follows: "Let scarlet red be taken, and let him who is suffering smallpox be entirely wrapped in it or some other red cloth: I did this when the son of the illustrious King of England suffered from smallpox, I took care that everything about his couch should be red, and his cure was perfectly effected, for he was restored to health without a trace of the disease." Quite recently a "colour cure" was tried in America: the patients were wrapped in blue clothes, the windows were of blue glass, and even the walls were painted with that colour. The result was not entirely satisfactory. Thousands still hold to red flannel as an absolute cure for rheumatism.

The concluding chapters of "Mediaeval London" are more like a collection of brief historical notes than a connected narrative, and the ending is altogether too abrupt. No doubt, Mr. Wheatley, who knows his London as very few men do, has, in many instances, been seriously crippled for want of space. We should like a larger and more complete edition of this book, which, even as it stands, should find a place in the library of every lover of London. The illustrations are not particularly good: those reproduced from ancient drawings are well selected, but not so the majority of the modern sketches, which, unlike the letterpress, are not very accurate. The maps, and the bird's-eye view of the old City, would be exceedingly interesting were they not reduced to a scale which renders them difficult to study without the aid of a glass.

NOVELS.

"The Heart of the Vicar." By Hugh Tuite. London: Long. 1904. 6s.

When we are told in the opening chapter of a novel that the attention of the worshippers in the village church is one Sunday distracted by a newcomer, we know by experience, that the lady is a widow, who for some mysterious reason seeks the seclusion of the country, and whose charms will inevitably win the heart of either the vicar, or the squire, and rouse the jealousy and curiosity of all the ladies of the neighbourhood. In this particular instance the vicar, falling a victim in the usual way, is confronted by the problem of reconciling his professed views on the celibacy of the clergy, and the wickedness of the re-marriage of divorced persons, with his desire to marry Mrs. Burton, a divorcée. However "Falconbridge was no splitter of hairs for self-benefit, and where duty intervened he had no use for the gargoyles of logic"! Whatever the author may intend to convey by the above statement, his sympathies are apparently with the vicar, whose bishop kindly spares him the "banality" of deciding for himself, by pointing out that "whether some acts were right or wrong depended upon the individual point of view", surely a somewhat rash statement on the part of a bishop! However after happily marrying the vicar to the divorcée, the author ends his story with a double tragedy, which leaves us wondering whether the bishop may not have advised wrongly after all. The characterisation, and the style, are alike commonplace, and the author lacks the subtlety and insight necessary for the description of temperament, and analysis of motive in a true psychological study, such as he possibly imagines his story to be.

"The Extraordinary Confessions of Diana Please." By Bernard Capes. London: Methuen. 1904. 6s.

Mr. Capes invites his readers to believe that these "confessions" are authentic, but it is of little moment whether Diana Please ever really existed or did not. There have doubtless lived women as abandoned, as heartless, and as blind to their iniquities, who for want of a biographer have passed into oblivion, and it is not obvious that anyone is a gainer by Diana's exemption.

from their fate. The stomach which rejects a heroine who consigns her lover to a madhouse and her one woman-friend to the scaffold can hardly be reproached with undue queasiness. Many of Diana's adventures are improbable to the verge of grotesqueness, and the curiously inflated style affected by Mr. Capes does not serve to make them more credible. There is more reality in the closing chapters, where Diana plays her part amid the revolutionary disturbances at Naples and the horrors of "King Bomba's" rule. There are spirited descriptions of that monarch, his wife and Lady Hamilton. In such surroundings an unprincipled adventuress might well reap her harvest. In fact, the closer Mr. Capes steers to probability, the nearer he approaches to success.

"The Tavern Knight: a Romance." By Rafael Sabatini. London: Richards. 1904. 6s.

This is an unusually spirited story of the Civil War, opening just before the battle of Worcester. Public events, however, cast only fitful shadows over the adventures of the Tavern Knight: he and a fellow cavalier move with strange freedom through England when the cause had been lost. The hero's character may be guessed: his foil is a mean-spirited priggish youth who cannot forgive the man who saved his life for his loose tongue and ready thirst, finds in him an unexpected rival in love, and at last a far more unexpected kinsman. Sir Crispin Galliard's turbulent ways disguised an early tragedy: his life is vowed to revenge, and the prig becomes his unwilling instrument. The scene in which at last he faces his old enemy is quite in the Dumas vein, as are several other episodes of fine swordsmanship. There are far worse things than a good melodrama, and the author of this one has more style and humour than most professors of the art.

"The Coming of the King." By Joseph Hocking. London: Ward, Lock. 1904. 3s. 6d.

In his desire to prove that the Prayer-book is pernicious and Popish, that nonconformists are the salt of the earth, and that the period of the Restoration was disgraced by gross immorality, Mr. Hocking has written a long rambling story about a plot to prove that King Charles II. married Lucy Walters. The story bears a strong family likeness to the usual inferior historical novel; the adventures are all on familiar lines; the characters are unconvincing, particularly those of the King and the Duke of York, which are foolish caricatures.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Rise of English Culture." By E. Johnson. London: Williams and Norgate. 1904. 15s. net.

It happens too often for the credit of our race that some eccentric will publish his baseless fancies. But it is rare for the admirers of such an author to carry their belief so far as to print a bulky volume of mere lunacy after his death. Yet the honour has been paid to Mr. Edwin Johnson. One of his followers tells us in a verbose and often irrelevant account of his life that he was first a Congregational minister and then teacher of classics at a denominational college, a post which was suppressed in the interests of economy. We observe, however, that Mr. Johnson describes a well-known historical character as "Berengarius of Andegavencis", and suspect that there were other than pecuniary reasons for the dismissal of a teacher who could neither spell Latin nor recognise an adjective when he saw it. After this he seems to have sunk into unbelief of a peculiarly arrogant and irrational kind, and to have devoted his life to the production of ponderous works, most of which happily remain in manuscript, and of articles in papers known as the "Agnostic Journal" and the "Free-thinker". He was a man of ceaseless industry and enormous reading, with absolute confidence in himself and an utterly untrained mind. He shows no sense either of humour or of probability, and is punished for his defects, which at bottom are moral rather than intellectual, by a plunge into unfathomable nonsense. He devotes seven hundred pages to the demonstration, as he considers it, that the Benedictine order, which had not existed in the thirteenth century, invented the whole of mediæval literature in the age of the Renaissance. The command was issued from Monte Cassino to provide each of the nations of Central Europe with an imaginary history, and within some forty years it had been obeyed. There had been no authentic history before; contemporary documents for England begin with 1688. Among the imaginary authors for whom writings were concocted are Bede, Thomas Aquinas and

Dante. The Crusades are fiction, and so is Wyclif with his movement. Chaucer's poems were composed about 1340. The history of William the Conqueror is invented as a safe manner of alluding to the violence of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. The Common Law of England dates from Henry VIII's time. The writer knows nothing of antiquities, of paleography, of the methods of historical criticism. Some charters are forged; therefore he argues that all are false. Geoffrey of Monmouth was a romancer; therefore Matthew Paris and his history of Magna Charta are the work of a novelist of the sixteenth century. Since all this forgery was perpetrated in the interests of Christianity, we need not be surprised to hear that the New Testament is of the same date; it was in fact a new book when Luther discovered it, as we are informed, in 1503. And all this is the outcome of laborious years spent in the Library of the British Museum, and the work of a man of sufficient general capacity to be accepted as the centre of a mutual admiration society of apparently sane persons.

"The Lord of Creation." By T. W. H. Crosland. London: Richards. 1904. 5s.

Mr. Crosland having apparently put the heather in a blaze and fluttered the dove-cots (we take him for the moment at his own valuation), is now attempting to set the Thames on fire with a box of cheap matches. We cannot conceive why the book was written or published. A satire on Man should justify its existence by either humour or the satirical turn, and of neither can we find a trace. The nearest attempt at an epigram is seen in sentences like the following: "The Law Courts advertise nothing but themselves. I believe that if they did not advertise they would have to suspend payment." "A little boy in the Garden of Eden might have made all the difference. He would have killed the snake and hugged Eve." And so on for 200 banal pages. Mr. Crosland has the sort of acquaintance with biblical phraseology that marks the middle-class Philistine, but he is apparently too ignorant of the Bible to be conscious of his occasional disgusting irrelevance. On boys, bachelors, husbands, clothes, and other matters he chatters inanely, but the depths of his assurance and incapacity are revealed only when he ventures to treat of London Clubs. "Non cuivis homini." He blunders into sense, expressed in the most offensive way, on such subjects as actors and journalists, but apparently his only idea of wit is solid Saxon abuse. Not otherwise does the omnibus driver exclaim "monkey-face" when he passes a colleague in the street, and turn with a complacent grin to the box-seat passenger for applause. But a five-shilling book really ought to aspire to the standard in badinage attained by a hansom cabman.

"The Adventures of Johnny Newcome in the Navy." By Alfred Burton. London: Methuen. 1904. 3s. 6d.

This rhyming narrative recounts in a rollicking style the first experiences of a youngster in the Royal Navy of the early part of the last century. Some of the adventures of which the verses give a description are not so bound up with the manners of the past that their counterpart cannot be met with at the present day, but most of them belong to a bygone age. It is not more than twenty-five years ago since a few old-fashioned gun-rooms did their best to keep alive the memories of the "berth", but such relics of old practices as then survived had been deprived of their most objectionable features. The steam whistle sounded the knell of the "salt-horse" cult, the passing of masts and yards marked its decease. The present is doubtless the better time; the "snottie"—we may no longer call him "reefer"—is a more refined person than the old-time "mid", but he has the same sense of fun, the same love of frolic; he has not degenerated and is not a whit more effeminate. It was a happy thought of the publishers to include this humorous sketch in their Illustrated Pocket Library of plain and coloured books, for it shows us life on board ship through our grandfather's glasses and Rowlandson has caught something of its spirit in the sixteen coloured plates which have been reproduced for the new edition.

THEOLOGY.

"Paradosis." By E. A. Abbott. London: Black. 1904. 7s. 6d. net.

Dr. Abbott has now published the fourth volume of his "Diatessarica", in which he is practically rewriting the Gospels. The paragraphs of his work now number 1,435, and each of them contains one or more possibilities, which when linked together are cumulatively improbable in the highest degree. His method is as laborious, devoted and unscientific as that of any mediæval mystic. To take one example, which does not require the use of the Hebrew alphabet. "Mansions" in the verse "In my Father's house are many mansions" is *μοναὶ*; *μοναὶ* looks very like *μυαί*, or "pounds". Now the parable which in S. Matthew is that of the talents, in S. Luke is that of the pounds. This apparently suggests to Dr. Abbott that the saying about the mansions and the parable are both distorted accounts of the same words of Christ; and he has ingenuity enough to imagine a "possible intermediate reading"

between S. Matthew and S. Luke which should bring the first Gospel into line. It is shown to be not impossible that at one stage its text may have been miscopied and mistranslated from an original that might perhaps have had a resemblance to the equally hypothetical common source of the "mansions" and the "pounds". It is needless to say that there is no evidence for any of these guesses, no reason to doubt that Christ was the Author of the saying about His Father's house and of the parable. We are definitely told that He was, and Christendom is unanimously agreed that they are such words as we should have expected Him to say. The utmost that Dr. Abbott can plead is that his guess may be true, and we are justified in demanding that if he must spend his leisure in guesswork he shall choose some less sacred subject with which to trifle. Not that he has any doubts as to the value and success of his labours; the Dr. Casaubon of fiction had none. Yet we would not deny that some ounces of gold may be extracted from his tons of conglomerate. No one can make guesses by the thousand without being sometimes strangely, and even brilliantly, right. But these accidents do not justify the perversity of the author's process, and they are too rare to relieve the dulness of his pages.

"The Self-Portraiture of Jesus." By J. M. E. Ross. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1903. 3s. 6d. net.

The English Church is no longer prolific of printed volumes of sermons. Our best men and our worst appear in print; however thoughtful or eloquent may be those who are doing the practical work of the Church, a sound public opinion compels them to address only their congregations. To court publicity would be regarded as savouring of ostentation, like the assumption of a doctor's gown by the average Master of Arts. We may be sure that an Anglican divine holding the same relative position as Mr. Ross, a dissenting, and apparently a

(Continued on page 372.)

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congregational minister at Reigate, would have been slow to publish his discourses. And if he had the very considerable talents of Mr. Ross we are sure that they would be chastened and disciplined as those of Mr. Ross are not. He is too vivacious, too eager and unscrupulous in his efforts to be effective. He has read widely in literature which is, or is meant to be, popular, and his reading has been for the purpose of collecting phrases and tags of verse that shall catch the imagination of his audience. There is far too much quotation of minor poetry and of other literature of the cheaper sort. His model is the late Dr. Joseph Parker, to whose memory the volume is dedicated "with honour and endless gratitude". This is proof enough that Mr. Ross' heart is better than his taste; and the defect of the latter is conspicuous in his indulgence in that unabashed sentimentalism which prevails in Scotland outside the Establishment and is getting acclimatised in dissenting soil in England. It is a pity, for there is real thought in these sermons, which are the work of a man who has made full use of a genuine talent. They may be read with profit for more important reasons than that they give us the measure of the class to whom such preaching appeals. And they may well be taken as a challenge. Here is a man whose whole heart is in his preaching, who is conscious, no doubt, that by it he stands or falls. He has spared no trouble in the preparation, he is manifestly interested in every argument and illustration, and we cannot doubt that his freshness and earnestness are rewarded with very considerable results. We fear that there are preachers among ourselves of not inferior gifts who fail to gain a like success because they allow their sermons to become the by-product of a mind fatigued with parochial bustle.

"Faith and Knowledge." Sermons by W. R. Inge. Edinburgh: Clark. 1904. 4s. 6d. net.

We once knew a lady who objected to pay five shillings for a volume of sermons on the ground that she could hear them for nothing in church; but most persons who have heard Mr. Inge's sermons in church would pay a larger sum than five shillings to be able to read them at leisure. Amidst the mass of hasty, commonplace rhetoric that is poured from our pulpits every year, it is a real refreshment to come across the work of a man who can study and think, and does both to good effect before he writes, who writes because he has something to say, and who can say it with an ease and a grace that must be as delightful to possess as to witness. Mr. Inge writes on various subjects but he is at his best when the subject is Christian ethics, humility, the childlike character, self-consecration; and there is one short sermon on "speaking the truth in love", which those who heard or have read must surely remember for long as an almost perfect specimen of beauty of thought and simplicity of expression.

"The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer." By John Gerard S.J. London: Longmans. 1904. 5s. net.

In the last year or two we have been flooded with cheap reprints of popular scientific works of a strong atheistic or agnostic tendency; and, as might be expected, the sacred name of Evolution is very freely invoked by the writers. On the whole lamentably little has been done on the other side; but Father Gerard has succeeded in writing a clear and interesting account of evolution, and in pointing out—largely by extracts from Darwin and Huxley themselves—how far it will carry us, what are the difficulties in the way of unreservedly accepting it, and what are the problems which in any case it leaves unsolved. Much more is claimed for evolution by its popular advocates than by the great masters of science; and it is a valuable service to have shown this for readers who cannot do more than follow the popular literature.

"The Biblical View of the Soul." By G. Waller. London: Longmans. 1904. 7s. 6d. net.

Readers who expect to find a scientific treatise on Biblical psychology in this book will be disappointed. The author has done little more than compile long tables showing how the Hebrew and Greek words for "soul", "spirit", etc. are rendered in the various versions, and then transcribe a number of Scriptural passages bearing on mortality, resurrection, and kindred subjects, with very ordinary notes. The intelligent use of a Concordance would render the first part of the book useless, and any decent commentary or Bible dictionary would give better results than the second.

Of new editions we have received a cheap reprint, with slight alterations, of Mr. James Adderley's "Epistle of S. James, with Notes for General Readers" (Brown, Langham and Co.; 1s.); and a very dainty edition of the "Christian Year" (The Astolat Press, 3s. net.); the type of this latter is rather small but quite clear, the paper good, and the margins wide.

ERRATUM: In a note in our last issue by a slip of the pen we substituted Sir Nicholas O'Connor's name for Sir Arthur Nicolson's in speaking of the transference of Ambassadors from Tangier to Madrid. We had of course no intention of removing Sir Nicholas O'Connor from Constantinople, where he is irreplaceable.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

ART

How to Collect Old Furniture (Frederick Litchfield), 5s. net; The Treatment of Drapery in Art (G. Woolliscroft Rhead), 6s. net. Bell.
Paolo Veronese ("Art Library"). Newnes. 3s. 6d. net.

FICTION

A Scottish Bluebell (E. B. Bennett). Jarrold. 3s. 6d.
Genevra (Charles Marriott); The Happy Valley (B. M. Croker). Methuen. 6s. each.
Gold Island (Nicholson West). Cassell. 6s.
Jan Van Dyck (J. Morgan de Groot). Blackwood. 6s.
Marcus and Faustina (Frederic Carrel); One Pretty Maid and Others (May Crommelin); An Impossible Husband (Florence Warden); The Adventures of Miranda (L. T. Meade); A Woman at Bay (Helen Bayliss). Long. 6s. each.
The Green Eye of Goona (Arthur Morrison). Nash. 6s.
The Evil That Men Do (M. P. Shiel). Ward, Lock. 6s.
The Grey World (Evelyn Underhill). Heinemann. 6s.
Et Tu, Sejanus! (Julia H. Twells). Chatto and Windus. 6s.
When Wilderness was King (Randall Parrish); The Master's Violin (Myrtle Reed). Putnam's. 6s. each.
Mother's Little Girl (Ethel Turner). Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.
Archers of the Long Bow (Arthur Moore), 6s.; The Bandolero (Paul Gwynne), 6s.; The Death of the Gods (Dmitri Merejkowski. Translated by Herbert Trench), 2s. 6d. net. Constable.
Baby Bunting and Co. (Irene Payne). Jarrold. 1s. 6d.
A Bride from the Bush (E. W. Hornung). Newnes. 6d.
The Scarlet Seal (Dick Donovan). Long. 6d.
Sons of Victory (O. V. Caine). Nisbet. 5s.
The Merry-Go-Round (W. S. Maugham). Heinemann. 6s.

HISTORY

A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe (George Saintsbury. Vol. III). Blackwood. 20s. net.
Calendar of Letter-Books Preserved Among the Archives of the Corporation of the City of London at the Guildhall (Letter Book F. 1337-1352. Ed. by Reginald F. Sharp). London.
"The Story of Exploration":—Further India (Hugh Clifford). Lawrence and Bullen. 7s. 6d.
London in the Time of the Tudors (Sir Walter Besant). Black. 30s. net.
The Sikhs (General Sir John J. H. Gordon). Blackwood. 7s. 6d. net.

MUSIC

Music and Musicians (Albert Lavignac. Translated by William Marchant). Putnam's. 7s. 6d. net.

(Continued on page 374-)

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Modern European Philosophy; Ancient European Philosophy (Denton J. Snider). St. Louis, Mo.: Signia Publishing Company.
 \$1.50 each.

REPRINTS

Troilus and Cressida; As You Like It; Love's Labour's Lost; Titus Andronicus. Heinemann. 1s. each.
 English and Scottish Popular Ballads (Cambridge Edition). Boston, U.S.A.: Houghton, Mifflin. \$3.00.
 A Whittier Treasury (The Countess of Portsmouth). Manchester: Broadbent. 1s. 6d.
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 God and our Soldiers (Paul B. Bull). Methuen. 6s.
 Ecclesia Discens (Arthur Wollaston Hutton); Seeking a Country (Thos. F. Lockyer). Griffiths. 3s. net each.
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